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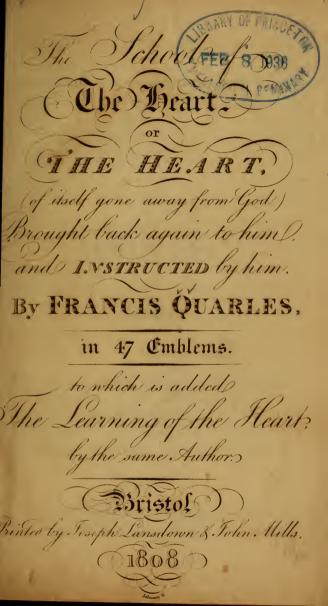
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#### PREFACE.

IT is generally agreed, by the learned and the serious, that self-knowledge is the great knowledge: and that an adept in universal science, if he remain a stranger to himself, is only a lump of pride and conceit, and unfit for, not to say an offence to, the society of his fellowmen.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE is the knowledge of what a man really is, considered in every relation in which he stands,

as a moral agent, as well as an erect creature. And it is to be presumed, that this was the meaning of that renowned precept of the Pythian Apollo, "Nosce teipsum," Know thyself. Though it is impossible for a man to know himself, without being acquainted with a subject which is full of mortification to human pride and vanity.

We hear much talk, in modern times, though there never was, perhaps, less reason to talk, of the dignity of human nature. Human nature, in its original state, no doubt, was crowned with dignity and glory too. But alas! how is it now fallen! how is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed! For, since the fall of man, there has been no true dignity in human nature, but as it was beheld in Him, in whom was seen "the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

The state of the mind, or HEART, may be said to determine the state and character of man. As it is, so is He. And the sacred writings every where represent the heart as the seat of true religion, moral excellence, or virtue; which are in truth one and the same: for there can be no virtue, where there is not true religion. But such is the wretched state of every heart by nature,

that is, while destitute of divine and special grace, that, as no contemptible writer observes,

"Heav'n's Sov'reign saves all beings but himself--"That hideous sight, a naked human heart."

The pride and ignorance of mankind may lead them to reason against this humbling, and, what they are please to term, gloomy representation of things. But how absurd to reason against stubborn fact! We appeal to that, and to experience. We appeal to reason, as well as to revelation: and both, we are persuaded, will tell us, that those who prate about the dignity of human nature and its moral excellence, until it be renewed after the image of God, which sin has obliterated, are only indulging the pleasures of imagination and need much instruction in—THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

THE following pages bear this title: and as they are designed to present us with the anatomy of the human heart in a moral or spiritual view, to expose its disorders, their nature, and their cure; it is hoped they may prove of no little service to the best in-

terests

#### [ iv ]

terests of mankind. For, as self-deceit, in matters of eternal concern, is likely to prove our ruin, so,

"To know ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure."

C. DE COETLOGON.

Lower Grosvenor-Place.



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Peruse this little Book; and thou wilt see What thy Heart is, and what it ought to be.



#### THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

#### INTRODUCTION.

TURN in, my mind, wander not abroad: Here's work enough at home; lay by that load Of scatter'd thought, that clogs and cumbers thee: Resume thy long-neglected liberty Of self-examination: bend thine eye Inward; consider where thy heart doth lie, How 'tis affected, how 'tis busy'd: look What thou hast writ thyself in thine own book, Thy conscience: here set thou thyself to school; Self-knowledge, 'twixt a wise man and a fool, Doth make the difference; he that neglects This learning, sideth with his own defects. Dost thou draw back? Hath custom charm'd thee so, That thou canst relish nothing but thy woe? Find'st thou such sweetness in these sugar'd lyes? Have foreign objects so ingross'd thine eyes? Canst thou not hold them off? Hast thou an ear To listen, but to what thou shouldst not hear? Art thou incapable of every thing, But what thy senses to thy fancy bring? Remember that thy birth and constitution Both promise better than such base confusion. Thy birth's divine, from heav'n; thy composure Is spirit, and immortal: thine inclosure VOL. II. In In walls of flesh; not to make thee debtor For house-room to them, but to make them better: Thy body's thy freehold, live then as lord, Not tenant to thy own: some time afford To view what state 'tis in: survey each part, And, above all, take notice of thine HEART. Such as that is, the rest is, or will be, Better or worse, blame-worthy, or fault-free. What! are the ruins such, thou art afraid, Or else asham'd, to see how 'tis decay'd? Is't therefore thou art loth to see it such As now it is, because it is so much; Degenerated now from what it was, And should have been? Thine ignorance, alas! Will make it nothing better; and the longer Evils are suffer'd grow, they grow the stronger: Or hath thine understanding lost its light? Hath the dark night of error dimm'd thy sight, So that thou canst not, tho' thou wouldst, observe All things amiss within thee, how they swerve From the strait rules of righteousness and reason? If so, omit not then this precious season: 'Tis yet school-time; as yet the door's not shut. Hark how the Master calls. Come, let us put Up our requests to him, whose will alone Limits his pow'r of teaching, from whom none Returns unlearn'd, that hath once a will To be his scholar, and implore his skill. Great Searcher of the heart, whose boundless sight Discovers secrets, and doth bring to light The hidden things of darkness, who alone Perfectly know'st all things that can be known; Thou know'st I do not, cannot, have no mind To know mine heart: I am not only blind, But lame, and listless: thou alone canst make Me able, willing: and the pains I take,

As well as the success, must come from thee, Who workest both to will and do in me: Having made me now willing to be taught, Make me as willing to learn what I ought. Or, if thou wilt allow thy scholar leave. To choose his lesson, lest I should deceive Myself again, as I have done too often, Teach me to know my heart. Thou, thou canst soften. Lighten, enliven, purify, restore, And make more fruitful than it was before. Its hardness, darkness; death, uncleanness, loss, And barrenness: refine it from the dross. And draw out all the dregs, heal ev'ry sore, Teach it to know itself, and love thee more. Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst impart this skill: And as for other learning, take't who will.

#### THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

The Infection of the Heart.

Acтs v. 3.

Why hath Satan filled thine heart?

EPIG. I.

WHILST thou inclin'st thy voice-inveigled ear, The subtil serpent's syren-songs to hear, Thy heart drinks deadly poison drawn from hell, And with a vip'rous brood of sin doth swell.

#### ODE I.

The Soul.

1.

Profit and pleasure, comfort, and content, Wisdom, and honor; and, when these are spent, A fresh supply of more! Oh heav'nly words! Are these the dainty fruits that this fair tree affords?

The Serpent.

2.

Yes, these and many more, if more may be, All that this world contains, in this one tree Contracted is. Take but a taste, and try; Thou may'st believe thyself, experience cannot lie.

The Soul.

3.

But thou may'st lye: and, with a false pretence Of friendship, rob me of that excellence Which my Creator's bounty hath bestow'd, And freely given me, to whom he nothing ow'd.

The Serpent.

4.

Strange composition! so credulous, And at the same time so suspicious!



#### CONTAGIO CORDIS

Or de bibis stigium merbi mortisque venenum, Hic te dum blandis decipit illecebris.

#### · The INFECTION of the HEART.

While Satan thus decrives with flatting Breath, Thy Heart drinks Poison in, Disease, and Death,



This is the tree of knowledge; and until Thou eat thereof, how canst thou know what's good or ill?

5.

The Soul.

God infinitely good my Maker is,

Who neither will nor can do aught amiss.

The being I receiv'd, was that he sent,

And therefore I am sure must needs be excellent.

6.

The Serpent.
Suppose it be: yet doubtless he that gave
Thee such a being must himself needs have
A better far, more excellent by much:
Or else be sure that he could not have made thee such.

7.

The Soul.

Such as he made me, I am well content
Still to continue: for, if he had meant
I should enjoy a better state, he could
As easily have giv'n it, if he would.

8.

The Serpent.

And is it not all one, if he have giv'n

The means to get it? Must he still be driv'n

To new works of creation for thy sake?

Wilt thou not what he sets before thee deign to take?

9.

The Soul.
Yes, of the fruits of all the other trees
I freely take and eat: they are the fees
Allow'd me for the dressing, by the Maker:
But of this fatal fruit I must not be partaker

The Serpent.

10.

And why? What danger can it be to eat
That which is good, being ordain'd for meat?
What wilt thou say? God made it not for food?
Or dar'st thou think that, made by him, it is not good?

The Soul.

11.

Yes, good it is, no doubt, and good for meat: But I am not allow'd thereof to eat. My Maker's prohibition, under pain Of death, the day I eat thereof, makes me refrain.

The Serpent.

21

Faint-hearted fondling! canst thou fear to die, Being a spirit and immortal? Fie. God knows this fruit once eaten will refine Thy grosser parts alone, and make thee all divine.

The Soul.

13.

There's something in it, sure: were it not good, It had not in the midst of th' garden stood: And being good, I can no more refrain From wishing, than I can the fire to burn, restrain.

14.

Why do I trifle then? What I desire, Why do I not? Nothing can quench the fire Of longing, but fruition. Come what will, Eat it I must, that I may know what's good and ill.

The Scrpent.

15.

So, thou art taken now: that resolution Gives an eternal date to thy confusion.

The knowledge thou hast got of good, and ill, Is of good gone, and past; of evil, present still.





#### ABLATIO CORDIS.

Scorta placent et Vina placent sic stultus inerfque Exanimifque Animus; sic sine for de Cor est,

The TAKING AWAY of the HEART.

While Lust and Wine their beastly Joys impart, The Mind grows dead: The Hearts without a Fleart. The TAKING AWAY of the Heart.

Hos. iv. 11.

Whoredom and wine, and new wine, take away the heart.

#### Epig. 2.

BASE lust and luxury, the scum and dross
Of hell-born pleasures, please thee, to the loss
Of thy soul's precious eye-sight, reason; so
Mindless thy mind, heartless thine heart doth grow.

#### ODE II.

1.

Laid down already? and so fast asleep?
Thy precious heart left loosely on thine hand,
Which with all diligence thou shouldest keep,
And guard against those enemies, that stand
Ready prepar'd to plunge it in the deep
Of all distress? Rouse thee, and understand
In time, what in the end thou must confess,
That misery at last and wretchedness
Is all the fruit that springs from slothful idleness.

0

Whilst thou lie'st soaking in security,
Thou drown'st thyself in sensual delight,
And wallow'st in debauched luxury,
Which, when thou art awake and seest, will fright
Thine heart with horror. When thou shalt descry,

By the day-light, the danger of the night,
Then, then, if not too late, thou wilt confess,
That endless misery and wretchedness

Is all the fruit that springs from riotous excess.

Whilst

Whilst thou dost pamper thy proud flesh, and thrus Into thy paunch the prime of all thy store, Thou dost but gather fuel for that lust, Which, boiling in thy liver, runneth o'er, And frieth in thy throbbing veins, which must Needs vent, or burst, when they can hold no more. But oh, consider what thou shalt confess At last, that misery and wretchedness Is all the fruit that springs from lustful wantonness.

Whilst thou dost feed effeminate desires With spumy pleasures, whilst fruition The coals of lust fans into flaming fires, And spurious delights thou doatest on, Thy mind through cold remissness ev'n expires, And all the active vigour of't is gone, Take heed in time, or else thou shalt confess At last, that misery and wretchedness Is all the fruit that springs from careless-mindedness

Whilst thy regardless sense-dissolved mind Lies by unbent, that should have been thy spring Of motion, all thy headstrong passions find Themselves let loose, and follow their own swing; Forgetful of the great account behind, As though there never would be such a thing,

But, when it comes indeed, thou wilt confess That misery alone and wretchedness

Is all the fruit that springs from soul-forgetfulness.

Whilst

6.

Whilst thou remember'st not thy latter end,
Nor what a reck'ning thou one day must make,
Putting no difference 'twixt foe and friend,
Thou suffer'st hellish fiends thine heart to take,
Who, all the while thou triflest, do attend,

Ready to bring it to the lake

Of fire and brimstone: where thou shalt confess
That endless misery and wretchedness
Is all the fruit that springs from stupid heartlessness.

0 - 0 - 1 - A

The DARKNESS of the Heart.

Rom. i. 21.

Their foolish heart was darkened.

EPIG. 3.

SUCH cloudy shadows have eclips'd thine heart, As nature cannot parallel, nor art: Unless thou take my light of truth to guide thee, Blackness of darkness will at length betide thee.

#### ODE III.

1.

Tarry, O tarry, lest thine heedless haste
Hurry thee headlong unto hell at last:
See, see, thine heart's already half-way there;
Those gloomy shadows that encompass it,
Are the vast confines of th' infernal pit.
O stay; and if thou lov'st not light, yet fear
That fatal darkness, where
Such danger doth appear.

2.

A night of ignorance hath overspread
Thy mind and understanding: thou art led
Elindfolded by unbridled passion:
Thou wand'rest in the crooked ways of error,
Leading directly to the king of terror:
The course thou tak'st, if thou holdest on,
Will bury thee anon
In deep destruction.



#### CORDIS TENEBRÆ.

Hou tenebras Cordis Tenebra quibus exteriores Succedent, ni sit Lux libi luce mea.

#### The DARKNESS of the HEAR T.

O the Heart's Darkness' which without my Light. Would lead to deeper Glooms, and endles Night.



3.

Whilst thou art thus deprived of thy sight,
Thou know'st no diff'rence between noon and night,
Tho' the sun shine, yet thou regard'st it not.
My love-alluring beauty cannot draw thee,
Nor doth my mind-amazing terror awe thee:
Like one that had both good and ill forgot,

Thou carest not a jot What falleth to thy lot.

4.

Thou art become unto thyself a stranger,
Observest not thine own desert, or danger,
Thou know'st not what thou dost, nor canst thou tell
Whither thou goest: shooting in the dark,
How canst thou ever hope to hit the mark?
What expectation hast thou to do well,
That art content to dwell

5.

Alas, thou hast not so much knowledge left, As to consider that thou art bereft

Within the verge of hell?

Of thine own eye-sight. But thou run'st, as tho' Thou sawest all before thee: whilst thy mind To nearest necessary things is blind.

Thou knowest nothing as thou ought'st to know,
Whilst thou esteemest so
The things that are below.

6.

Would ever any, that had eyes, mistake As thou art wont to do: no diff'rence make Betwixt the way to heaven and to hell? But, desperately devoted to destruction,
Rebel against the light, abhor instruction?
As the thou didst desire with death to dwell,
Thou hatest to hear tell
How yet thou may'st do well.

7.

Oh that thou didst but see how blind thou art,
And feel the dismal darkness of thine heart!
Then wouldst thou labour for, and I would lend
My light to guide the: that's not light alone,
But life, eyes, sight, grace, glory, all in one.
Then should'st thou know whither those bye-ways bend
And that death in the end
On darkness doth attend





#### CORDIS FUGA.

Quam fugeret Fugitiva luam Cor!si Cor haberes. Non meminifse Mei non Meminifse Sui

#### The FLIGHT of the HEART

Where's thy Heart flown 'if thou a Heart hast got. Who both Thyself and Me remembrest not. The Absence of the Heart.

Prov. xvii. 16.

Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?

Epig. 4.

HADST thou an heart, thou fickle fugitive, How would thine heart hate and disdain to live Mindful of such vain trifles as these be!

ODE IV.

The Soul.

1.

Brave, dainty, curious, rare, rich, precious things!
Able to make fate-blasted mortals blest,
Peculiar treasures, and delights for kings,
That having pow'r of all, would chuse the best.
How do I hug mine happiness, that have
Present possession of what others crave!

Christ.

2.

Poor, silly, simple, sense-besotted soul,
Why dost thou hug thy self-procured woes?
Release thy free-born thoughts, at least controul
Those passions that enslave thee to thy foes.
How wouldst thou hate thyself if thou didst know

How wouldst thou hate thyself, if thou didst know, The baseness of those things thou prizest so!

The Soul.

3.

They talk of goodness, virtue, piety, Religion, honesty, I know not what; So let them talk for me: so long as I Have goods and lands, and gold and jewels, that

Both

Both equal and excel all other treasure, Why should I strive to make their pain my pleasure?

4.

Christ.

So swine neglect the pearls that lie before them, Trample them under foot, and feed on draff \*: So fools gild rotten idols, and adore them, Cast all the corn away, and keep the chaff.

That ever reason should be blinded so;
To grasp the shadow, let the substance go!

The Soul. 5.

All's but opinion that the world accounts
Matter of worth: as this or that man sets
A value on it, so the price amounts:
The sound of strings is vary'd by the frets,
My mind's my kingdom: why should I withstand,
Or question that, which I myself command?

Christ. 6

Thy tyrant passions captivate thy reason:
Thy lusts usurp the guidance of the mind:
Thy sense-led fancy barters good for geason †:
Thy seed is vanity, thine harvest wind:
Thy rules are crooked, and thou write'st awry:
Thy ways are wand'ring, and thy mind to die.

The Soul. 7.

This table sums me myriads of pleasure;
That book enrols mine honour's inventory:
These bags are stuff'd with millions of treasure:
Those writings evidence my state of glory:
These bells ring heav'nly music in mine ears,

These bells ring heav'nly music in mine ears, To drown the noise of cumb'rous cares and fears.

\* Draff, i. e. swill, or hog's meat. t Geaton, or gazon, i. e. a sod of earth,

Christ.

Those pleasures one day will procure thy pain:
That which thou glori'st in, will be thy shame:
Thou'lt find thy loss in what thou thought'st thy gain:
Thine honour will put on another name.
That music, in the close, will ring thy knell;
Instead of heaven, toll thee into hell.

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9.

But why do I thus waste my words in vain On one that's wholly taken up with toys; That will not lose one dram of earth, to gain A full eternal weight of heav'nly joys? All's to no purpose; 'tis as good forbear,

As speak to one that hath no heart to hear.

.

#### The VANITY of the Heart.

Јов хv. 31.

Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity, for vanity shall be his recompence.

#### Epig. 5.

AMBITION bellows with the wind of honour,
Puffs up the swelling heart that dotes upon her:
Which, filled with empty vanity, breathes forth
Nothing, but such things as are nothing worth.

#### ODE V.

1.

The bane of kingdoms, world's disquieter,
Hell's heir apparent, Satan's eldest son,
Abstract of ills, refin'd elixir,
And quintessence of sin, ambition,
Sprung from th'infernal shades, inhabits here,
Making man's heart its horrid mansion,
Which, tho' it were of vast extent before,

Which, tho' it were of vast extent before, Is now pufft up, and swells still more and more.

2.

Whole armies of vain thoughts it entertains,
Is stuff'd with dreams of kingdoms, and of crowns,
Presumes of profit without care or pains,
Threatens to baffle all its foes with frowns,
In ev'ry bargain makes account of gains,
Fancies such frolick mith as choaks and drowns

The voice of conscience, whose loud alarms Cannot be heard for pleasure's countercharms.



Johnson fc.

## CORDIS VANITAS.

Ambitio Follis, vento distendit Honorum Cor vanum: hinc spirat nil nisi grande Nilul.

# The VANITY of the HEART.

Blown up with Honour's Wind the Heart grows vain The a great Nothing is the whole you gain.



Wer't not for anger, and for pity, who Could chuse but smile to see vain-glorious men Racking their wits, straining their sinews so, That, thorough their transparent thinness, when They meet with wind and sun, they quickly grow Riv'led and dry, shrink till they crack again,

And all but to seem greater than they are? Stretching their strength, they lay their weakness bare.

4.

See how hell's fueller his bellows plies, Blowing the fire that burnt too fast before: See how the furnace flames, the sparkles rise And spread themselves abroad still more and more! See how the doting soul hath fix'd her eyes On her dear fooleries, and doth adore,

With hands and heart lift up, those trifling toys Wherewith the devil cheats her of her joys!

5.

Alas, thou art deceiv'd; that glitt'ring crown, On which thou gazest, is not gold but grief; That sceptre, sorrow: if thou take them down, And try them, thou shalt find what poor relief They could afford thee, tho' they were thine own. Didst thou command ev'n all the world in chief,

Thy comforts would abate, thy cares increase, And thy perplexed thoughts disturb thy peace.

6.

Those pearls so thorough pierc'd, and strung together, Tho' jewels in thine ears they may appear, Will prove continu'd perils, when the weather Is clouded once, which yet is fair and clear. What will that fan, tho' of the finest feather, Stead thee, the brunt of winds and storms to bear? Thy flagging colours hang their drooping head, And the shrill trumpet's sound shall strike thee dead.

7.

Were all those balls, which thou in sport dost toss, Whole worlds, and in thy power to command, The gain would never countervail the loss, Those slipp'ry globes will glide out of thine hand; Thou canst have no fast hold but of the cross, And thou wilt fall, where thou dost think to stand. Forsake these follies, then, if thou wilt live: Timely repentance may thy death reprieve.





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Johnson Se

#### CORDIS AGGRAVATIO.

Crapula et Ebrictas, solidi due pendent plumbi; Nata Pole, sursum tendere Corda vetant.

## The OPPRESSION of the HEART.

With Glutteny, and Drunkenness possest: By heaviest Weights the Heavin-born Heart's opprest.

### The OPPRESSION of the Heart.

#### LUKE XXI. 34.

Take heed, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness.

#### Epig. 6.

TWO massy weights, surfeiting, drunkenness, Like mighty logs of lead, do so oppress The heav'n-torn hearts of men, that to aspire Upwards they have nor power nor desire.

#### ODE VI.

7

Monster of sins! See how th' inchanted soul,
O'ercharg'd already calls for more.
See how the hellish skinker \* plies his bowl,
And's ready furnished with store,
Whilst cups on every side
Planted, attend the tide.

2.

See how the piled dishes mounted stand,
Like hills advanced upon hills,
And the abundance both of sea and land
Doth not suffice, ev'n what it fills,
Man's dropsy appetite,
And cormorant delight.

<sup>\*</sup> Skinker, i. e butler.

See how the poison'd body's puff'd and swell'd,
The face inflamed glows with heat,
The limbs unable are themselves to wield,
The pulses (death's alarm) do beat:
Yet man sits still, and laughs,
Whilst his own bane he quaffs.

4

But where's thine heart the while, thou senseless sot?

Look how it lieth crush'd, and quell'd,

Flat beaten to the board, that it cannot

Move from the place where it is held,

Nor upward once aspire

With heavenly desire.

5.

Thy belly is thy god, thy shame thy glory,
Thou mindest only earthly things;
And all thy pleasure is but transitory,
Which grief at last and sorrow brings:
The courses thou dost take
Will make thine heart to ake.

6.

Is't not enough to spend thy precious time
In empty idle compliment,
Unless thou strain (to aggravate thy crime)
Nature beyond its own extent,
And force it to devour
An age within an hour?

That which thou swallow'st is not lost alone,
But quickly will revenged be,
By seizing on thine heart, which like a stone,
Lies bury'd in the midst of thee,
Both void of common sense

8.

Thy body is diseases' rendezvous,
Thy mind the market-place of vice,
The devil in thy will keeps open house:
Thou liv'st, as though thou would'st intice
Hell-torments unto thee,
And thine own devil be.

9.

O what a dirty dunghill art thou grown,
A nasty stinking kennel foul!
When thou awak'st and seest what thou hast done,
Sorrow will swallow up thy soul,
To think how thou art foil'd,
And all thy glory spoil'd.

10.

Or if thou canst not be asham'd, at least
Have some compassion on thyself:
Before thou art transformed all to beast,
At last strike sail, avoid the shelf
Which in that gulf doth lie,
Where all that enter die.

The Coverousness of the Heart.

MAT. vi. 21.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

EPIG. 7.

DOST thou inquire thou heartless wanderer, Where thine heart is? Behold, thine heart is here, Here thine heart is, where that is which above Thine own dear heart thou dost esteem and love.

#### ODE VII.

1.

See the deceitfulness of sin,
And how the devil cheateth worldly men:
They heap up riches to themselves, and then
They think they cannot chuse but win,
Though for their parts,
They stake their hearts.

2.

The merchant sends his heart to sea,
And there, together with his ship, 'tis tost:
If this by chance miscarry, that is lost,
His confidence is cast away:
He hangs the head,
As he were dead.



#### CORDIS AVARITIA.

Cer ubi sit querts Vaga et Excers! scilicet hie oft, Litubi qued proprie plus tibi Cer de placet.

The COVETOUSNESS of the HEART,

Here Wandrer, may'st thou find thy Heart at last;

Where what is dearer than thy Heart is placed.



The pedlar cries, Whatdo you lack?
What will you buy? and boasts his wares the best:
But offers you the refuse of the rest,

As tho' his heart lay in his pack, Which greater gain Alone can drain.

4.

The ploughman furrows up his land,
And sows his heart together with his seed,
Which, both alike earth-born, on earth do feed,
And prosper, or are at a stand:
He and his field
Like fruit do yield.

5.

The broker and the scriv'ner have
The us'rer's heart in keeping with his bands:\*
His soul's dear sustenance lies in their hands,
And if they break, their shop's his grave.
His int'rest is
His only bliss.

6.

The money-hoarder in his bags
Binds up his heart, and locks it in his chest;
The same key serves to that, and to his breast,
Which of no other heaven brags:
Nor can conceit
A joy so great.

<sup>\*</sup> Bands; i. e. bonds of obligation.

So for the greedy landmonger:
The purchases he makes in ev'ry part
Take livery and seisin of his heart:
Yet his insatiate hunger,
For all his store,
Gaps after more.

8.

Poor wretched muckworms, wipe your eyes,
Uncase those trifles that besot you so:
Your rich-appearing wealth is real woe,
Your death in your desires lies.
Your hearts are where
You love and fear.

9.

Oh think not then the world deserves
Either to be belov'd or fear'd by you:
Give heaven these affections as its due,
Which always what it hath preserves
In perfect bliss
That endless is.



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## APERTIO CORDIS LANCEA LONGINI.

Cor. pia transadigat divini rulnere Amoris Lancea quæ Jesu tinctu cruore rubet.

## The OPENING of the HEART with the SPEAR.

This Spear Dear Lord that's dy'd with Blood of thine.
Pierres my Heart with Wounds of Love divine.

The HARDNESS of the Heart.

ZECH. vii. 12.

They made their hearts as hard as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law.

Epig. 8.

WORDS move thee not, nor gifts, nor strokes: Thy sturdy adamantine heart provokes My justice, slights my mercies: anvil-like, Thou stand'st unmoved, though my hammer strike.

#### ODE VIII.

1.

What have we here? An heart? It looks like one,
The shape and colour speak it such:
But, having brought it to the touch,
I find it is no better than a stone.

Adamants are Softer by far.

2

Long hath it steeped been in Mercy's milk,
And soaked in Salvation,
Meet for the alteration
Of anvils, to have made them soft as silk;
Yet it is still
Harden'd in ill.

Oft have I rain'd my word upon it, oft
The dew of heaven has distill'd,
With promises of mercy fill'd,
Able to make mountains of marble soft:
Yet it is not
Changed a jot.

4.

My beams of love shine on it every day,
Able to thaw the thickest ice;
And, where they enter in a trice,
To make congealed chrystal melt away:
Yet warm they not
This frozen clot.

5.

Nay more, this hammer, that is wont to grind
Rocks unto dust, and powder small,
Makes no impression at all,
Nor dint, nor crack, nor flaw, that I can find:
But leaves it as
Before it was.

6.

Is mine almighty arm decay'd in strength?

Or hath mine hammer lost its weight?

That a poor lump of earth should slight

My mercies, and not feel my wrath at length,

With which I make

Ev'n heav'n to shake!

No, I am still the same, I alter not,
And, when I please, my works of wonder
Shall bring the stoutest spirits under,
And make them to confess it is their lot

To bow or break, When I but speak.

S.

But I would have men know, 'tis not my word Or works alone can change their hearts; These instruments perform their parts, But 'tis my Spirit doth this fruit afford.

'Tis I, not art, Can melt man's heart.

9.

Yet would they leave their customary sinning,
And so unclinch the devil's claws,
That keeps them captive in his paws,
My bounty soon should second that beginning:
Ev'n hearts of steel
My force should feel.

The DIVISION of the Heart.

Hos. x. 2.

Thine heart is divided. Now shall they be found faulty.

Epig. 9.

VAIN trifting virgin, I myself have giv'n Wholly to thee: and shall I now be driven To rest contented with a petty part, That have deserved more than a whole heart?

#### ODE IX.

1.

More mischief yet? was't not enough before
To rob me wholly of thine heart,
Which I alone
Should call mine own,
But thou must mock me with a part?
Crowninjury with scorn, to make it more?

2.

What's a whole heart? Scarce flesh enough to serve
A kite one breakfast: how much less,
If it should be
Offer'd to me,
Could it sufficiently express
What I for making it at first deserve?

I gave't



CORDIS DIVISIO.

Me tiln cum totum dederim yanıfsima Cordis Cur mihi,Virgo, tui pars alıquanta datur;

The DIVISION of the HEART.
Why dest thou give but half thine Heart to Me.
When my whole Self Tojerid upjer Thee.



# OPERALIS SECTION 1

----

which is a supply in a 1

I gav't thee whole, and fully furnished
With all its faculties intire,
There wonted not
The smallest jot
That strictest justice could require,
To render it completely perfected.

1

And is it reason what I give in gross
Should be return'd but by retail?
To take so small
A part for all,
I reckon of no more avail
Than, where I scatter gold, to gather dross.

5.

Give me thine heart but as I gave it thee:

Or give it me at least as I

Have given mine

To purchase thine.

I halv'd it not when I did die;

But gave myself wholly to set thee free.

6.

The heart I gave thee was a living heart;

And when thy heart by sin was slain,

I laid down mine

To ransom thine,

That thy dead heart might live again,

And live intirely perfect, not in part.

But whilst thine heart's divided, it is dead;

Dead unto me, unless it live

To me alone,

It is all one

To keep all, and a part to give: For what's a body worth without an head!

8.

Yet this is worse, that what thou keep'st from me
Thou dost bestow upon my foes:
And those not mine
Alone, but thine;

The proper causes of thy woes, From whom I gave my life to set thee free.

9.

Have I betroth'd thee to myself, and shall
The devil, and the world, intrude
Upon my right,
Ev'n in my sight?
Think not thou canst me so delude:

I will have none, unless I may have all.

10.

I made it all, I gave it all to thee,

I gave all that I had for it:

If I must lose

I'd rather chuse

Mine interest in all to quit:

Or keep it whole, or give it whole to me.





## CORDIS INSATIABILITAS.

Non triquetrum to to Corest satiabile Mundo, Solum que fecit Correplet una Trias.

The INSATIABILITY of the HEART.

The World won't do: Thy Heart's but empty still: The Trinity must that Triangle fill.

The Insatiableness of the Heart.

#### HAB. ii. 5.

Who enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied.

#### Epig. 10.

THE whole round world is not enough to fill
The heart's three corners, but it craveth still,
Only the Trinity, that made it, can
Suffice the vast triangled heart of man.

#### ODE X.

#### 1.

The thirsty earth and barren womb cry, give:
The grave devoureth all that live:
The fire still burneth on, and never saith,
It is enough: The horse-leech hath
Many more daughters: but the heart of man
Outgapes them all as much as heav'n one span.

#### 0

Water hath drown'd the earth: the barren womb
Hath teem'd sometimes, and been the tomb
To its own swelling issue: and the grave
Shall one day a sick surfeit have:
When all the fuel is consum'd, the fire
Will quench itself, and of itself expire.

But the vast heart of man's insatiate,
His boundless appetites dilate
Themselves beyond all limits, his desires
Are endless still; whilst he aspires
To happiness, and fain would find that treasure
Where it is not; his wishes know no measure.

4.

His eye with seeing is not satisfy'd,

Nor's ear with hearing: he hath try'd

At once to furnish ev'ry sev'ral sense,

With choice of curious objects, whence
He might extract, and into one unite,
A perfect quintessence of all delight.

Yet, having all that he can fancy, still

5.

There wanted more to fill

His empty appetite. His mind is vex'd,

And he is inwardly perplex'd,

He knows not why: when as the truth is this,

He would find something there, where nothing is.

6.

He rambles over all the faculties,
Ransacks the secret treasuries
Of art and nature, spells the universe
Letter by letter, can rehearse
All the records of time, pretends to know
Reasons of all things, why they must be so.

Yet is not so contented, but would fain
Pry in God's cabinet, and gain
Intelligence from heav'n of things to come,
Anticipate the day of doom,
And read the issues of all actions so,
As if God's secret counsel he did know.

8.

Let him have all the wealth, all the renown,
And glory, that the world can crown
Her dearest darlings with; yet his desire
Will not rest there, but still aspire.
Earth cannot hold him, nor the whole creation
Contain his wishes, or his expectation.

9.

The heart of man's but little; yet this All,
Compared thereunto, 's but small,
Of such a large unparallel'd extense
Is the short-lin'd circumference,
Of that three-corner'd figure, which to fill
With the round world, is to leave empty still.

10.

So, greedy soul, address thyself to heav'n
And leave the world, as 'tis bereav'n
Of all true happiness, or any thing

That to thine heart content can bring, But there a tri-une God in glory sits, Who all grace-thirsting hearts both fills and fits. The RETURNING of the Heart.

#### ISAIAH Xlvi. 8.

Remember this, and shew yourselves like men: Bring it again to heart, O ye transgressors.

#### Epig. 11.

OFT have I call'd thee: O return at last, Return unto thine heart: let the time past Suffice thy wanderings: know that to cherish Revolting still, is a mere will to perish.

#### ODE XI.

Christ.

1.

Return, O wanderer, return, return.

Let me not always waste my words in vain,

As I have done too long. Why dost thou spurn

And kick the counsels that should bring thee back

[again?

The Soul.

7

What's this that checks my course? Methinks I feel A cold remissness seizing on my mind:
My stagger'd resolutions seem to reel,
As tho' they had in haste forgot mine heart behind.

Christ.

3.

Return, O wanderer, return, return.
Thou art already gone too far away,
It is enough: unless thou mean to burn
In hell for ever, stop thy course at last, and stay.



### CORDIS REVERSIO.

Quum Mihi jam toties revocata reverterio ad Cor Nolle redire, maram velle perire puta.

## The RETURNING of the HEART.

Not to return so often calld will be Thy certain Ruin : come be ruld by Me.



#### AND REPORTED ASSESSMENT

# The Court agency of the Breather

The land of the land

The Soul.

1

There's something holds me back, I cannot move Forward one foot: methinks, the more I strive, The less I stir. Is there a pow'r above My will in me, that can my purposes reprive?

Christ.

5.

No power of thine own: 'tis I, that lay Mine hand upon thine haste; whose will can make The restless motions of the heavens stay: Stand still, turn back again, or new-found courses take.

The Soul.

6

What? am I rivited, or rooted here? That neither forward, nor on either side I can get loose? Then there's no hope, I fear; But I must back again, whatever me betide.

Christ.

7

And back again thou shalt. I'll have it so.
Tho' thou hast hitherto my voice neglected,
Now I have handed thee, I'll let thee know,
That what I will have done shall not be uneffected.

The Soul.

8.

Thou wilt prevail then, and I must return. But how? or whither? when a world of shame And sorrow lies before me, and I burn With horror in myself to think upon the same.

9.

Shall I return to thee? Alas, I have
No hope to be receiv'd: a run-away,
A rebel to return! Madmen may rave
Of mercy-miracles, but what will Justice say?

Shall I return to mine own heart? Alas, 'Tis lost, and dead, and rotten long ago, I cannot find it what at first it was, And it hath been too long the cause of all my woe.

11.

Shall I forsake my pleasures and delights, My profits, honors, comforts, and contents, For that, the thought whereof my mind affrights, Repentant sorrow, that the soul asunder rents!

12.

Shall I return, that cannot though I would?
I, that had strength enough to go astray,
Find myself faint and feeble, how I should
Return. I cannot run, I cannot creep this way.

13.

What shall I do? Forward I must not go, Backward I cannot: If I tarry here, I shall be drowned in a world of woe, And antedate my own damnation by despair.

14.

But is't not better hold that which I have, Than unto future expectation trust? Oh no: to reason thus is but to rave. Therefore return I will, because return I must.

Christ.

15.

Return, and welcome: if thou wilt, thou shalt: Although thou canst not of thyself, yet I, That call, can make thee able. Let the fault Be mine, if, when thou wilt return, I let thee lie.





## CORDIS EFFUSIC.

Vota quid occluso, quid Vulvera a pectore celas? Ante Deum fufe Cor nalet instar Aqua.

The POURING OUT of the HEART.

Thy Vows and Wounds, conceal not in thy Breast,
Pour out by Heart to God; He'll give thee rat.

The Pouring our of the Heart.

LAM. ii. 19.

Pour out thine heart like water before the face of the Lord.

Epig. 12.

WHY dost thou hide thy wounds? why dost thou hide
In thy close breast thy wishes, and so side
With thine own fears and sorrows? Like a spout
Of water, let thine heart to God break out.

#### ODE XII.

The Soul.

1.

Can death, or hell, be worse than this estate?
Anguish, amazement, horror, and confusion,
Drown my distracted mind in deep distress.
My grief's grown so transcendent, that I hate
To hear of comfort, as a false conclusion
Vainly infer'd from feigned premises.
What shall I do? What strange course shall I try,
That, tho' I loathe to live, yet dare not die?

Christ.

Be rul'd by me, I ll teach thee such a way,
As that thou shalt not only drain thy mind
From that destructive deluge of distress
That overwhelms thy thoughts, but clear the day,
And soon recover light and strength, to find
And to regain thy long lost happiness.

Confess, and pray. Say what it is doth ail thee, What thou would'st have, and that shall soon avail thee.

The

The Soul.

Confess and pray? If that be all, I will.

Lord, I am sick, and thou art health, restore me.

Lord, I am weak, and thou art strength, sustain me.

Thou art all goodness, Lord, and I all ill.

Thou, Lord, art holy; I unclean before thee.

Lord, I am poor; and thou art rich, maintain me.

Lord, I am dead; and thou art life, revive me.

Justice condemns; let mercy, Lord, reprieve me.

4.

A wretched miscreant I am, composed Of sin and miscry; 'tis hard to say, Which of the two allies me most to hell: Native corruption makes me indisposed To all that's good; but apt to go astray, Prone to do ill, unable to do well;

My light is darkness, and my liberty Bondage, my beauty foul deformity.

5.

A plague of leprosy o'erspreadeth all
My pow'rs and faculties: I am unclean,
I am unclean: my liver broils with lust;
Rancour and malice overflow my gall;
Envy my bones doth rot, and keeps me lean;
Revengeful wrath makes me forget what's just:
Mine ear's uncircumcis'd, mine eye is evil,
And hating goodness makes me parcel\* devil.

<sup>\*</sup> Parcel devil; i. e. share or partake with him.

My callous conscience is cauteriz'd;
My trembling heart shakes with continual fear:
My frantick passions fill my mind with madness:
My windy thoughts with pride are tympaniz'd:
My pois'nous tongue spits venom every-where:
My wounded spirit's swallow'd up with sadness:
Impatient discontentment plagues me so,
I neither can stand still nor forward go.

7

Lord, I am all diseases: hospitals,
And bills of mountebanks, have not so many,
Nor half so bad. Lord, hear, and help, and heal mc.
Although my guiltiness for vengeance calls,
And colour of excuse I have not any,
Yet thou hast goodness, Lord, that may avail me.
Lord, I have pour'd out all my heart to thee:
Vouchsafe one drop of mercy unto me.



The CIRCUMCISION of the Heart.

#### DEUT. x. 16.

Circumcise the foreskin of your heart, and be no more stiff-necked.

#### Epig. 13.

HERE, take thy Saviour's cross, the nails and spear That for thy sake his holy flesh did tear: Use them as knives thine heart to circumcise, And dress thy God a pleasing sacrifice.

#### ODE XIII.

1.

Heal thee? I will. But first I'll let thee know
What it comes to.
The plaister was prepared long ago:
But thou must do

Something thyself, that it may be Effectually apply'd to thee.

2.

I, to that end, that I might cure thy sores,
Was slain, and dy'd,
By mine own people was turn'd out of doors,
And crucify'd:
My side was pierced with a spear,
And nails my hands and feet did tear.

Da



# CORDIS CIRCUMCISIO.

Crux Capulum Chalrlem Cultro dat Lancea Clo Ferrum hoc Cor circum-cide Deo-que sacra.

The CIRCUMCISION of the HEART.

The Crofs, the Nails, the Spear, each give a part,

To form this Knife, to circumcise thine Heart.



Do thou then to thyself, as they to me:

Make haste, and try,

The old man, that yet alive in thee,

To crucify.

Till he be dead in thee, my blood

Till he be dead in thee, my blood Is like to do thee little good.

4.

My course of physic is to cure the soul,
By killing sin.
So then thine own corruptions to controul
Thou must begin.
Until thine heart be circumcis'd,
My death will not be duly priz'd.

5.

Consider then my cross, my nails, and spear,
And let that thought
Cut razor-like thine heart, when thou dost hear
How dear I bought
Thy freedom from the pow'r of sin,
And that distress which thou wast in.

6.

Cut out the iron sinew of thy neck,
That it may be
Supple, and pliant to obey my beck,
And learn of me.
Meekness alone, and yielding, hath
A power to appease my wrath.

Shave off thine hairy scalp, those curled locks Powder'd with pride,

Wherewith thy scornful heart my judgments mocks,
And thinks to hide
Its thunder-threaten'd head, which bared

Alone is likely to be spar'd.

8.

Rip off those seeming robes, but real rags, Which earth admires

As honorable ornaments and brags

That it attires;
Which cumber thee indeed. Thy sores
Fester with what the world adores.

9.

Clip thine ambitious wings, let down thy plumes, And learn to stoop,

Whilst thou hast time to stand. Who still presumes
Of strength, will droop
At last, and flag when he should fly.
Falls hurt them most that climb most high.

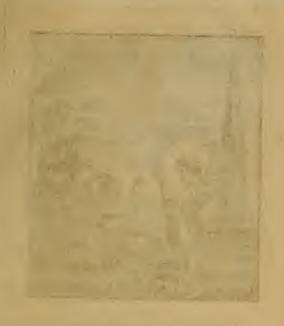
10.

Scrape off that scaly scurf of vanities
That clogs thee so:

Profits and pleasures are those enemies

That work thy woe.

If thou wilt have me cure thy wounds, First rid each humour that abounds.



## THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH

Ass. 1, 4 waste and read of the



graniant je.

CORDIS CONTRITIO.

In partes quam mille velim contundere Corhoc, Quod fiut auctori sponte rebelle suo .

The CONTRITION of the HEART.

In Thousand Pieces would I break this Heart,
Which leaves its Lord, and acts a Rebels part.

#### The CONTRITION of the Heart.

PSALM li. 17.

1 broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Epig. 14.

HOW gladly would I bruise and break this heart
Unto a thousand pieces, till the smart
Make it confess, that, of its own accord,
It wilfully rebell'd against the Lord!

#### ODE XIV.

1.

Lord, if I had an arm or pow'r like thine,
And could effect what I desire,
My love-drawn heart, like smallest wire
Bended and writhen should together twine
And twisted stand
With thy command:
Thou should'st no sooner bid, but I would go,
Thou should'st not will the thing I would not do.

0

But I am weak, Lord, and corruption strong:
When I would fain do what I should,
Then I cannot do what I would:
Mine action's short, when mine intention's long;
Though my desire
Be quick as fire,

Yet my performance is as dull as earth, And stifles its own issue in the birth.

3.

But what I can do, Lord, I will; since what
I would, I cannot; I will try
Whether mine heart, that's hard and dry,
Being calm'd, and tempered with that
Liquor which falls
From mine eye-balls,
Will work more pliantly, and yield to take
Such new impression as thy grace shall make.

4.

In mine own conscience then, as in a mortar,
I'll place mine heart, and bray it there:
If grief for what is past, and fear
Of what's to come, be a sufficient torture,
I'll break it all

In pieces small:
Sin shall not find a sheard without a flaw,
Wherein to lodge one lust against thy law.

5.

Remember then, mine heart, what thou hast done;
What thou hast left undone: the ill
Of all my thoughts, words, deeds, is still
Thy cursed issue only: thou art grown

To such a pass, That never was,

Nor is, nor will there be, a sin so bad, But thou some way therein an hand hast had.

Thou hast not been content alone to sin,
But hast made others sin with thee;
Yea, made their sins thine own to be,
By liking, and allowing them therein.

Who first begins, Or follows, sins

Not his own sins alone, but sinneth o'er All the same sins, both after and before.

7.

What boundless sorrow can suffice a guilt
Grown so transcendent? Should thine eye
Weep seas of blood, thy sighs outvie
The winds, when with the waves they run at tilt,\*

Yet they could not Conceal one blot.

The least of all thy sins against thy God Deserves a thunderbolt should be thy rod.

8.

Then since (repenting heart) thou canst not grieve
Enough at once while thou art whole,
Shiver thyself to dust, and dole†
Thy sorrow to the several atoms, give

All to each part,
And by that art

Strive thy dissever'd self to multiply,

And want of weight with number to supply.

<sup>\*</sup> Run at tilt; i. e. forcibly oppose. An antient martial exercise,

<sup>†</sup> Dole: i. e. deal out or divide.

The HUMILIATION of the Heart.

Eccles. vii. 9.

The patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit.

Epig. 15.

MINE heart, alas! exalts itself too high, And doth delight a loftier pitch to fly Than it is able to maintain, unless It feel the weight of thine imposed press.

#### ODE XV.

1.

So let it be,
Lord, I am well content,
And thou shalt see
The time is not mis-spent,
Which thou dost then bestow, when thou dost quell
And crush the heart where pride before did swell.

2

Lord, I perceive,
As soon as thou dost send,
And I receive
The blessings thou dost lend,
Mine heart begins to mount, and doth forget
The ground whereon it goes, where it is set.



## CORDIS HUMILIATIO.

Cornimis heu! sese gauden sublimibus effert, Ni super impositum deprimat illud, Onus.

The HUMILIATION of the HEART.

The Heart too high its lofty Pride would rear,
If not jurgs down, and kept within its Sphere.



3

In health I grew
Wanton, began to kick,
As though I knew
I never should be sick.
Diseases take me down, and make me know,
Bodies of brass must pay the debt they owe.

4.

If I but dream
Of wealth, mine heart doth rise
With a full stream
Of pride, and I despise
All that is good, until I wake, and spy
The swelling bubble prick'd with poverty.

5

A little wind
Of undeserved praise
Blows up my mind,
And my swoln thoughts doth raise
Above themselves, until the sense of shame
Makes me contenin my self-dishonour'd name.

6

One moment's mirth
Would make me run stark mad,
And the whole earth,
Could it at once be had,
Would not suffice my greedy appetite,
Didst thou not pain instead of pleasure write.

Lord, it is well
I was in time brought down,
Else thou canst tell,

Mine heart would soon have flown Full in thy face, and study to requite The riches of thy goodness with despite.

8.

Slack not thine hand,
Lord turn thy screw about:
If thy press stand,
Mine heart may chance slip out.
O quest† it unto nothing, rather than
It should forget itself, and swell again.

9.

Or if thou art
Disposed to let it go,
Lord, teach mine heart
To lay itself as low
As thou canst it: that prosperity
May still be temper'd with humility.

10.

Thy way to rise,
Was to descend; let me
Myself despise,
And so ascend with thee.

Thou throw'st them down that lift themselves on high,
And raisest them that on the ground do lie.

‡ Quest; i. e. squeeze.



# The Control of the Co



## CORDIS EMOLLITIO.

Cor, Marmor glaciale, Deus, ceu Cera liquescet, Urere cum tuus hoc ceperit ignis Amor.

The SOFTENING of the HEART. This Icy, Marble Heart, like Wax will melt, Soon as the Fire of heavenly Love is felt.

The Softening of the Heart.

Job xxiii. 16.

God maketh my heart soft.

MINE heart is like a marble ice,

Both cold and hard: but thou canst in a trice

Melt it like wax, great God, if from above

Thou kindle in it once thy fire of love.

#### ODE XVI.

1.

Nay, blessed Founder, leave me not:

If out of all this grot
There can but any gold be got,
The time thou dost bestow, the cost
And pains will not be lost:
The bargain is but hard at most.
And such are all those thou dost make with me:
Thou know'st thou canst not but a loser be.

0

When the sun shines with glitt'ring beams,
His cold-dispelling gleams
Turn snow and ice to wat'ry streams.
The wax, so soon as it hath smelt
The warmth or fire, and felt
The glowing heat thereof, will melt.
Yea, pearls with vinegar dissolve we may,
And adamants in blood of goats, they say.

Jun Hart 1 3.

If nature can do this, much more,
Lord, may thy grace restore
Mine heart to what it was before.
There's the same matter in it still,
Though new inform'd with ill,

Yet can it not resist thy will.

Thy pow'r, that fram'd it at the first, as oft
As thou wilt have it, Lord, can make it soft.

4.

Thou art the Sun of righteousness:
And though I must confess
Mine heart's grown hard in wickedness,
Yet thy resplendent rays of light,
When once they come in sight,

Will quickly thaw what froze by night. Lord, in thine healing wings a pow'r doth dwell, Able to melt the hardest heart in hell.

5.

Although mine heart in hardness pass
Both iron, steel, and brass,
Yea, the hardest thing that ever was;
Yet if thy fire thy Spirit accord,
And, working with thy word,
A blessing unto it afford,

It will grow liquid, and not drop alone, But melt itself away before thy throne.

Yea, though my flinty heart be such,
That the sun cannot touch,
Nor fire sometimes affect it much,
Yet thy warm reeking self-shed blood,
O Lamb of God, 's so good,
It cannot be withstood.

That aqua-regia of thy love prevails, Ev'n where the pow'r of aqua-fortis fails.

7.

Then leave me not so soon, dear Lord,
Though I neglect thy word,
And what thy power doth afford;
O try thy mercy, and thy love
The force thereof may prove.
Soak'd in thy blood, mine heart will soon surrender its native hardness, and grow soft and tender.

The CLEANSING of the Heart.

JER. v. 14.

O Jerusalem, wash thy heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved.

## Epig. 17.

OUT of thy wounded Husband's, Saviour's side, Espoused soul, there flows with a full tide A fountain for uncleanness: wash thee there, Wash there thine heart, and then thou need'st not fear.

#### ODE XVII.

1.

O endless misery!
I labour still, but still in vain.
The stains of sin I see
Are oaded\* all, or dy'd in grain.
There's not a blot
Will stir a jot,
For all that I can do.
There is no hope
In fullers' soap,
Though I add nitre too.

0

I many ways have try'd, Have often soak'd it in cold fears; And, when a time I spy'd, Pour'd upon it scalding tears:

<sup>\*</sup> Oad, or Woad is a deep blue dye.



#### CORDIS MUNDATIO

Fons scalurit, lateris transfixi Vulnere Sponsi Hoc Cordis maculas ablue, Sponsa hu

The CLEANSING of the HEART A Fountain flows from Jesu's wounded Side Here let thy filthy Heart be purified



Have rine'd and rubb'd,
And scrap'd and scrubb'd,
And turn'd it up and down:
Yet can I not
Wash out one spot;
It's rather fouler grown.

3.

O miserable state!

Who would be troubled with an heart,
As I have been of late,
Both to my sorrow, shame, and smart?
If it will not
Be clearer got,
'Twere better I had none.
Yet how should we
Divided be,
That are not two, but one?

4.

That go about to wash mine heart
With hands that are defil'd
As much as any other part?
Whilst all thy tears,
Thine hopes and fears,
Both ev'ry word, and deed
And thought is foul,
Poor silly soul!
How canst thou look to speed?

But am I not stark wild.

5.

Can there no help be had?
Lord, thou art holy, thou art pure:
Mine heart is not so bad,
So foul, but thou canst cleanse it, sure.

## 58 THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

Speak, blessed Lord,
Wilt thou afford
Me means to make it clean?
I know thou wilt:
Thy blood was spilt.
Should it run still in vain?

6.

Then to that blessed spring,
Which from my Saviour's sacred side
Doth flow, mine heart I'll bring;
And there it will be purifi'd.

Although the dye,
Wherein I lie,
Crimson or scarlet were;
This blood, I know,
Will mak't as snow
Or wool both clean and clear.







## SPECULUM CORDIS.

Pro speculo Cordis, Cor aspice dulcis Jesu, Imprinet hoc Cordi Vulnera viva hio.

The MIRRER of the HEART. Woulds't thou inspect the Heart! Lord look at mine, And let the Sight imprint new Wounds on Thine, The GIVING of the Heart.

Prov. xxiii. 26.

My son, give me thine heart.]

#### Epig. 18.

THE only love, the only fear thou art,
Dear and dread Saviour, of my sin-sick heart.
Thine heart thou gavest, that it might be mine:
Take thou mine heart, then, that it may be thine.

#### ODE XVIII.

1.

Give thee mine heart? Lord, so I would,
And there's great reason that I should,
If it were worth the having:
Yet sure thou wilt esteem that good,
Which thou hast purchas'd with thy blood,
And thought it worth the craving.

2.

Give thee mine heart? Lord, so I wil!, If thou wilt first impart the skill
Of bringing it to thee:
But should I trust myself to give
Mine heart, as sure as I do live,
I should deceived be.

As all the value of mine heart
Proceeds from favour, not desert,
Acceptance is its worth:
So neither know I how to bring
A present to my heav'nly King,
Unless he set it forth.

4.

Lord of my life, methinks I hear Thee say, that thee alone to fear, And thee alone to love, Is to bestow mine heart on thee, That other giving none can be, Whereof thou wilt approve.

5.

And well thou dost deserve to be
Both loved, Lord, and fear'd by me,
So good, so great thou art:
Greatness so good, goodness so great,
As passeth all finite conceit,
And ravisheth mine heart.

6.

Should I not love thee, blessed Lord, Who freely of thine own accord
Laid'st down thy life for me?
For me, that was not dead alone,
But desp'rately transcendent grown
In enmity to thee?

Should I not fear before thee, Lord,
Whose hand spans heaven, at whose word
Devils themselves do quake?
Whose eyes outshine the sun, whose beck
Can the whole course of nature check,
And its foundations shake?

8.

Should I with-hold mine heart from thee,
The fountain of felicity,
Before whose presence is
Fullness of joy, at whose right hand
All pleasures in perfection stand,
And everlasting bliss?

9.

Lord, had I hearts a million,
And myriads in ev'ry one
Of choicest loves and fears;
They were too little to bestow
On thee, to whom I all things owe,
I should be in arrears.

10.

Yet, since my heart's the most I have,
And that which thou dost chiefly crave,
Thou shalt not of it miss.
Although I cannot give it so
As I should do, I'll offer't it though:
Lord, take it, here it is.

#### The SACRIFICE of the Heart.

## PSALM li. 17.

The sacrifices of God are a broken heart.

Epig. 19.

NOR calves, nor bulls, are sacrifices good Enough for thee, who gav'st for me thy blood, And, more than that, thy life: take thine own part, Great God, that gavest all: here, take mine heart.

#### ODE XIX.

1.

Thy former covenant of old,
Thy law of ordinances, did require
Fat sacrifices from the fold,
And many other off rings made by fire.
Whilst thy first tabernacle stood,
All things were consecrate with blood.

0

And can thy better covenant,
The law of grace and truth by Jesus Christ,
Its proper sacrifices want
For such an altar, and for such a priest?
No, no, thy gospel doth require
Choice off rings too, and made by fire.

A sacrifice for sin indeed,

Lord, thou didst make thyself and once for all:

So that there never will be need

Of any more sin-off rings, great or small.

The life-blood thou didst shed for me

Hath set my soul for ever free.

4.

Yea, the same sacrifice thou dost
Still offer in behalf of thine elect:
And, to improve it to the most,
Thy word and sacraments do in effect
Offer thee oft, and sacrifice
Thee daily, in our ears and eyes.

5.

Yea, each believing soul may take
Thy sacrificed flesh and blood, by faith,
And threwith an atonement make
For all its trespasses: thy gospel saith,
Such infinite transcendent price
Is there in thy sweet sacrifice!

6.

But is this all? Must there not be
Peace-offerings, and sacrifices of
Thanksgiving, tender'd unto thee?
Yes, Lord, I know I should but mock, and scoff
Thy sacrifice for sin, should I
My sacrifice of praise deny.

But I have nothing of mine own
Worthy to be presented in thy sight;
Yea, the whole world affords not one
Or ram, or lamb, wherein thou canst delight.
Less than myself it must not be:
For thou didst give thyself for me:

8.

Myself, then, I must sacrifice:
And so I will, mine heart, the only thing
Thou dost above all other prize
As thine own part, the best I have to bring.
An humble heart's a sacrifice,
Which I know thou wilt not despise.

9.

Lord, be my altar, sanctify
Mine heart thy sacrifice, and let thy Spirit
Kindle thy fire of love, that I,
Burning with zeal to magnify thy merit,
May both consume my sins, and raise
Eternal trophies to thy praise.





## CORDIS PONDERATIO.

Quod mihi donasti magno pro munere non est, Si neget hoc justi ponderis æqua bilanx.

The WEIGHING of the HEART, This Gift of thine will not appear so great, Unless when tried it proves of proper Weight. The WEIGHING of the Heart.

Prov. xxi. 2.

The Lord pondereth the heart.

Epig. 20.

THE heart thou giv'st as a great gift, my love, Brought to the trial, nothing such will prove; If justice' equal balance tell thy sight, That, weighed with my law, it is too light.

#### ODE XX.

1.

'Tis true, indeed, an heart,
Such as it ought to be,
Intire and sound in ev'ry part,
Is always welcome unto me.
He that would please me with an offering,
Cannot a better have, altho' he were a king.

0

And there is none so poor,
But, if he will, he may
Bring me an heart, altho' no more,
And on mine altar may it lay.
The sacrifice which I like best, is such
As rich men cannot boast, and poor men need not
[grutch.

Yet ev'ry heart is not
A gift sufficient,
It must be purg'd from ev'ry spot,
And all to pieces must be rent.
Tho' thou hast sought to circumcise, and bruise't,
It must be weighed too, or else I shall refuse't,

4.

My balances are just,
My law's an equal weight;
The beam is strong, and thou may'st trust
My steady hand to hold it streight.
Were thine heart equal to the world in sight,
Yet it were nothing worth, if it should prove too light.

5.

And so thou seest it doth;
My pond'rous law doth press
This scale; but that, as fill'd with froth,
Tilts up, and makes no shew of stress.
Thine heart is empty sure, or else it would
In weight, as well as bulk, better proportion hold.

6.

Search it, and thou shalt find
It wants integrity;
And yet is not so thorough lin'd
With single-ey'd sincerity,
As it should be: some more humility
There wants to make it weight, and some more con[stancy.

Whilst windy vanity
Doth puff it up with pride,
And double-fac'd hypocrisy
Doth many empty hollows hide,
It is but good in part, and that but little,
Way'ring unstaidness makes its resolutions brittle.

8.

The heart, that in my sight
As current coin would pass,
Must not be the least grain too light,
But as at first it stamped was.
Keep then thine heart till it be better grown,
And, when it is full, I'll take it for mine own.

9.

But if thou art asham'd
To find thine heart so light,
And art afraid thou shalt be blam'd,
I'll teach thee how to set it right.
Add to my law my gospel, and there see
My merits thine, and then the scales will equal be.

#### The TRYING of the Heart.

Prov. xvii. 3.

The fining pot for silver, and the furnace for gold: but the Lord trieth the hearts.

#### Epig. 21.

THINE heart, my dear, more precious is than gold, Or the most precious things that can be told, Provide first that my pure fire have try'd Out all the dross, and pass it purify'd.

#### ODE XXI.

1.

What! take it at adventure, and not try
What metal it is made of? No, not I.
Should I now lightly let it pass,
Take sullen lead for silver, sounding brass,
Instead of solid gold, alas!
What would become of it in the great day
Of making jewels, 'twould be cast away.

0.

The heart thou giv'st me must be such a one, As is the same throughout. I will have none But that which will abide the fire.

'Tis not a glitt'ring outside I desire,

Whose seeming shews do soon expire: But real worth within, which neither dross, Nor base allays, make subject unto loss.



# CORDIS PROTECTIO.

Agide Cor magni mea Lux definde Laboris, Quem pro Corde huus ferre coegit Amor.

The DEFENCE of the HEART.

O Thou my Light and Life! thy Aid unpart,
And let thy Suffrings now defend my Heart.



3,

If, in the composition of thine heart, A stubborn steelly wilfulness have part,

That will not bow and bend to me,

Save only in a mere formality

Of tinsel-trimm'd hypocrisy, I care not for it, though it shew as fair. As the first blush of the sun-gilded air.

4

The heart that in my furnace will not melt, When it the glowing heat thereof hath felt,

Turn liquid, and dissolve in tears
Of true repentance for its faults, that hears

My threat'ning voice, and never fears, Is not an heart worth having. If it be An heart of stone, 'tis not an heart for me.

5.

The heart, that, cast into my furnace, spits And sparkles in my face, fall into fits

Of discontented grudging, whines When it is broken of its will, repines

At the least suffering, declines
My fatherly correction, is an heart
On which I care not to bestow mine art.

6.

The heart that in my flames asunder flies, Scatters itself at random, and so lies

In heaps of ashes here and there, Whose dry dispersed parts will not draw near

To one another, and adhere
In a firm union, hath no metal in't
Fit to be stamp d and coined in my mint.

The heart that vapours out itself in smoak, And with these cloudy shadows thinks to cloak

Its empty nakedness, how much

Soever thou esteemest it, is such

As never will endure my touch. Before I take't for mine, then I will try What kind of metal in thine heart doth lie.

8.

I'll bring it to my furnace, and there see What it will prove, what it is like to be.

If it be gold, it will be sure. The hottest fire that can be to endure,

And I shall draw it out more pure, Affliction may refine, but cannot waste That heart wherein my love is fixed fast.







## CORDIS SCRUTINIUM.

Solus Ego immensam Cordis personder Alpfum, Naulica quam polis est haud penetrare Bolis.

The SEARCHING of the HEART.

That which no Line can fathom, I alone,
Can search: To Me the human Heart is known.

The Sounding of the Heart.

Jer. xvii. 9, 10.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it? I the Lord.

#### EPIG. 22.

I THAT alone am infinite, can try
How deep within itself thine heart doth lie.
Thy seamen's plummet can but reach the ground:
I find that which thine heart itself ne'er found.

#### ODE XXII.

1.

A goodly heart to see to, fair and fat!

It may be so: and what of that?

Is it not hollow? Hath it not within

A bottomless whirlpool of sin?

Are there not secret creeks and cranies there,

Turning and winding corners, where

The heart itself ev'n from itself may hide,

And lurk in secret unespy'd?

I'll none of it, if such 2 one it prove:

Truth in the inward parts is that I love.

2.

But who can tell what is within thine heart?

'Tis not a work of nature, art

Cannot perform that task: 'tis I alone,

Not man, to whom man's heart is known.

Sound it thou may'st, and must: but then the line And plummet must be mine, not thine;

And I must guide it too, thine hand and eye
May quickly be deceiv'd: but I,

That made thine heart at first, am better skill'd To know when it is empty, when 'tis fill'd,

3.

Lest then thou should'st deceive thyself, for Me
Thou canst not; I will let thee see

Some of those depths of Satan, depths of hell,
Wherewith thine hollow heart doth swell.

Under pretence of knowledge in thy mind,

Error and ignorance I find; Quicksands of rotten superstition,

Spread over with misprision.\*
Some things thou knowest not, mis-knowest others,
And oft thy conscience its own knowledge smothers.

4.

Thy crooked will, that seemingly inclines
To follow reason's dictates, twines
Another way in secret, leaves its guide,

er way in secret, leaves its guide, And lags behind, or swerves aside;

And lags behind, or swerves aside;
Crab-like, creeps backwards; when it should have made
Progress in good, is retrograde.

Whilst it pretends a privilege above

Reason's prerogative, to move As of itself unmov'd, rude passions learn To leave the oar, and take in hand the stern.

<sup>\*</sup> Misprision: i. e. concealment of danger.

The tides of thine affections ebb and flow, Rise up aloft, fall down below,

Like to the sudden land-floods, that advance Their swelling waters but by chance.

Thy love, desire, thy hope, delight, and fear,

Ramble they care not when, nor where,

Yet cunningly bear thee in hand, they be Only directed unto me,

Or most to me, and would no notice take Of other things, but only for my sake.

6.

Such strange prodigious impostures lurk
In thy præstigious \*heart, 'tis work

Enough for thee all thy life-time to learn How thou may'st truly it discern:

That, when upon mine altar thou dost lay

Thine off'ring, thou may'st safely say, And swear it is an heart: for, if it should

Prove only an heart: 101, in it should Nor pleasing be to me, nor do thee good. An heart's no heart, not rightly understood.

<sup>\*</sup> Præstigious; i. e juggling.

The LEVELING of the Heart.

PSALM. XCVII 11.

Gladness for the upright in heart.

Erig. 23.

SET thine heart upright, if thou would'st rejoice, And please thyself in thine heart's pleasing choice: But then be sure thy plumb and level be Rightly apply'd to that which pleaseth me.

#### ODE XXIII.

1.

Nay, yet I have not done: one trial more
Thine heart must undergo, before
I will accept of it:
Unless I see
It upright be,
I cannot think it fit
To be admitted in my sight,
And to partake of mine eternal light.

2.

My will's the rule of righteousness, as free
From error as uncertainty:
What I would have is just.
Thou must desire
What I require,
And take it upon trust:
If thou prefer thy will to mine,
The level's lost, and thou go'st out of line.



### CORDIS RECTIFICATIO.

Ad rechum persape mei Cor Cordis amussim, Si rechum cupias exige Nata hum.

The LEVEILING of the HEART.

The Heart's true Level if you still design,

Then often bring it to be by'd by mine.



1, 10

3.

Canst thou not see how thine heart turns aside,
And leans toward thyself? How wide

A distance there is here?

Until I see Both sides agree

Alike with mine, 'tis clear
The middle is not where't should be;
Likes something better, though it look at me.

4.

I, that know best how to dispose of thee,
Would have thy portion poverty,
Lest wealth should make thee proud,
And me forget:

But thou hast set
Thy voice to cry aloud

For riches; and unless I grant All that thou wishest, thou complain'st of want.

5.

I, to preserve thine health, would have thee fast From nature's dainties, lest at last

Thy senses sweet delight
Should end in smart:
But thy vain heart

Will have its appetite
Pleased to day, though grief and sorrow
Threaten to cancel all thy joys to morrow.

I, to prevent thy hurt by climbing high,
Would have thee be content to lie
Quiet and safe below,
Where peace doth dwell;
But thou dost swell
With vast desires, as though
A little blast of vulgar breath
Were better than deliverance from death.

7.

I, to procure thy happiness, would have
Thee mercy at mine hands to crave:
But thou dost merit plead,
And wilt have none
But of thine own,
Till justice strike thee dead,
And all thy crooked paths go cross to mine.







#### CORDIS RENOVATIO.

Cum nova cuncta placent, Tetus O Cor. pone Novumqu, Quod tibi pro reteri Sponsa repono Cape

The RENEWING of the HEART. Since so much Pleasure Novelties impart, Resign thine Old, for this New, Better Heart. The RENEWING of the Heart.

EZEK. XXXVI. 26.

A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.

#### Epig. 24.

ART thou delighted with strange novelties, Which often prove but old fresh-garnish'd lyes? Leave then thine old, take the new heart I give thee: Condemn thyself, that so I may reprieve thee.

#### ODE XXIV.

1

No, no, I see
There is no remedy:
An heart, that wants both weight and worth,
That's fill'd with nought but empty hollowness,
And screw'd aside with stubborn wilfulness,
Is only fit to be cast forth,

Nor to be given me,

Nor kept by thee.

0

Then let it go;
And if thou wilt bestow
An acceptable heart on me,
I'll furnish thee with one shall serve the turn
Both to be kept and given: which will burn
With zeal, yet not consumed be:
Nor with a scornful eye
Blast standers-by.

The heart, that I
Will give thee, though it lie
Bury'd in seas of sorrows, yet
Will not be drown'd with doubt, or discontent,
Though sad complaints sometimes may give a vent
To grief, and tears the cheeks may wet
Yet it exceeds their art
To hurt his heart.

4.

The heart I give,
Though it desire to live,
And bathe itself in all content,
Yet will not toil, or taint itself with any:
Although it take a view and taste of many,
It feeds on few, as though it meant
To breakfast only here,
And dine elsewhere.

5.

This heart is fresh
And new: an heart of flesh,
Not, as thine old one was, of stone.
A lively sp'ritly heart, and moving still,
Active to what is good, but slow to ill:
An heart, that with a sigh and groan
Can blast all worldly joys,
As trifling toys.

6

This heart is sound,
And solid will be found;
'Tis not an empty airy flash,
That baits at butterflies, and with full cry
Opens at ev'ry flirting vanity.
It slights and scorns such paltry trash:

But for eternity
Dares live or dee.

7

I know thy mind:
Thou seek'st content to find
In such things as are new and strange.
Wander no further then: lay by thine old,
Take the new heart I give thee, and be bold
To boast thyself of the exchange,
And say, that a new heart
Exceeds all art.



The Enlightening of the Heart.

PSALM XXXIV. 5.

They looked on him, and were lightened.

Epig. 25.

THOU art Light of lights, the only sight
Of the blind world, lend me thy saving light:
Disperse those mists which in my soul have made
Darkness as deep as hell's eternal shade.

#### ODE XXV.

1.

Alas! that I
Could not before espy
The soul-confounding misery
Of this more than Egyptian dreadful night!
To be deprived of the light,
And to have eyes, but eyes devoid of sight,
As mine have been, is such a woe,
As he alone can know
That feels it so.

6.

Darkness has been
My God and me between,
Like an opacous doubled screen,
Thro' which nor light nor heat could passage find.
Gross ignorance hath made my mind
And understanding not blear-ey'd, but blind;
My will to all that's good is cold,
Nor can, though I would,
Do what I should.



## CORDIS ILLUMINATIO.

Lux de luce,Deus, caxeiLux univa Mundi, Corde graves tenebras discute luce tua.

The ENLIGHTENING of the HEART.

The Lights of Lights, O by the Presence bright

Chace my Heart's Darkness, and impart the Light;



No, now I see
There is no remedy
Left in myself: it cannot be
That blind men in the dark should find the way
To blessedness: although they may
Imagine the high midnight is noon-day,
As I have done till now, they'll know
At last, unto their woe,
'Twas nothing so.

4.

Now I perceive
Presumption doth bereave
Men of all hope of help, and leave
Them, as it finds them, drown'd in misery:
Despairing of themselves, to cry
For mercy, is the only remedy
That sin-sick souls can have; to pray
Against this darkness, may
Turn it to day.

5.

Then unto thee,
Great Lord of light, let me
Direct my prayer, that I may see.
Thou, that didst make mine eyes, canst soon restore
That pow'r of sight they had before.
And, if thou seest it good, canst give them more.
The night will quickly shine like day,
If thou do but display
Ore glorious ray.

I must confess,
And I can do no less,
Thou art the Sun of righteousness:
There's healing in thy wings; thy light is life;
My darkness death. To end all strife,
Ee thou mine husband, let me be thy wife,
So light and life divine
Will all be thine,







#### CORDIS TABULA-LEGES.

Scribo novam, teneri nune Cordis in aquore Legem, Cum vetus in duris sit mihi scripta petris.

The LAW-TABLE of the HEART. Leave the Stone Tables for thy Saviour's part; Ken Thou the Law that's written in the Heart. The TABLE of the Heart.

Jer. xxxi. 33.

I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts.

Epig. 26.

IN the soft table of thine heart I'll write A new law, which I will newly indite. Hard stoney tables did contain the old: But tender leaves of flesh shall this infold.

#### ODE XXVI.

1.

What will thy sight
Avail thee, or my light,
If there be nothing in thine heart to see
Acceptable to me?
A self-writ heart will not
Please me, or do thee any good; I wot,
The paper must be thine,
The writing mine.

2

What I indite

'Tis I alone can write,

And write in books that I myself have made.

'Tis not an easy trade,

To read or write in hearts:

They that are skilful in all other arts,

When they take this in hand,

Are at a stand.

My law of old
Tables of stone did hold,
Wherein I wrote what I before had spoken,
Yet were they quickly broken:
A sign the covenant
Contain'd in them would due observance want.

Nor did they long remain

Copy'd again.

4.

But now I'll try
What force in flesh doth lie:
Whether thine heart renew'd afford a place
Fit for my law of grace.
This covenant is better
Than that, though glorious, of the killing letter.
This gives life, not by merit,
But by my Spirit.

5.

When in men's hearts,
And their most inward parts,
I by my Spirit write my law of love,
They then begin to move,
Not by themselves, but me,
And their obedience is their liberty.
There are no slaves, but those:
That serve their foes.

When I have writ
My covenant in it,
View thine heart by my light, and thou shalt see
A present fit for me.
The worth, for which I look,
Lies in the lines, not in the leaves of th' book.
Coarse paper may be lin'd
With words refin'd:

7.

And such are mine.
No furnace can refine
The choicest silver so, to make it pure,
As my law put in ure
Purgeth the hearts of men:
Which being rul'd, and written with my pen,
My Spirit, ev'ry letter
Will make them better.



The TILLING of the Heart.

EZEK. XXXVI. 9.

I will turn unto you, and ye shall be tilled and sown.

Epig. 27.

MINE heart's a field, thy cross a plough: be pleas'd,
Dear Spouse, to till it, till the mould be rais'd
Fit for the seeding of thy word: then sow,
And if thou shine upon it, it will grow.

#### ODE XXVII.

1.

So now methinks I find
Some better vigour in my mind;
My will begins to move,
And mine affections stir towards things above:
Mine heart grows big with hope; it is a field
That some good fruit may yield,
If it were till'd as it should be,
Not by myself but thee.

0

Great husbandman, whose pow'r
All difficulties can devour,
And do what likes thee best,
Let not thy field, my heart, lie by, and rest;
Lest it be over-run with noisome weeds,
That spring of their own seeds:
Unless thy grace the growth should stop,
Sin would be all my crop.

Break



## CORDIS ARATIO.

Cordis Agrum crucis ga tuce proscindal Aratram, Cui verbi inspergas Semina Sponse tui.

The TILLING of the HEART Lord, with thy Plow break up this Heart of mine, And fit it to receive the Seed divine.



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Break up my fallow ground,
That there may not a clod be found
To hide one root of sin.
Apply thy plough betime: now, now begin
To furrow up my stiff and starvy heart;
No matter for the smart,
Although it roar, when it is rent,
Let not thine hand relent.

4.

Corruption's rooted deep,
Showers of repentant tears must steep
The mould, to make it soft:
It must be stirr'd, and turn'd, not once, but oft.
Let it have all its seasons. O impart
The best of all thine art:
For of itself it is so tough,
All will be but enough.

5.

Or, if it be thy will

To teach me, let me learn the skill

Myself to plow mine heart:

The profit will be mine, and 'tis my part

To take the pains, and labour, though th' increase

Without thy blessing cease:

If fit for nothing else, yet thou

May'st make me draw thy plough:

Which of thy ploughs thou wilt,
For thou hast more than one. My guilt,
Thy wrath, thy rods, are all
Ploughs fit to tear mine heart to pieces small:
And when, in these, it apprehends thee near,
'Tis furrowed with fear:

Fash weed, two deer bidge its head

Each weed, turn'd under, hides its head, And shews as it were dead.

7.

But, Lord, thy blessed passion
Is a plough of another fashion,
Better than all the rest.
Oh fasten me to that, and let the rest
Of all my powers strive to draw it in,
And leave no room for sin.
The virtue of thy death can make
Sin its fast hold forsake.





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## SEMINATIO IN COR

Semina jem Terræ manda Divine Colone, Ne nostri steritis sit tibi Cordis Ager

The SEEDING of the HEAPT With thine own hand, O Lord, now see I the Ground, Lest this vile Heart be still unfruitant journet

#### The SEEDING of the Heart.

#### LUKE viii. 15.

That on the good ground are they, which with an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience.

#### Epig. 28.

LEST the field of mine heart should unto thee, Great Husbandman that made'st it, barren be, Manure the ground, then come thyself and seed it; And tet thy servants water it and weed it.

#### ODE XXVIII.

1.

Nay, blessed Lord,
Unless thou wilt afford
Manure, as well as tillage, to thy field,
It will not yield
That fruit which thou expectedest it should bear:
The ground, I fear,
Will still remain
Barren of what is good: and all the grain
It will bring forth,

As of its own accord, will not be worth
The pains of gathering
So poor a thing.

Some

Some faint desire,
That quickly will expire,
Wither, and die, is all thou canst expect.

If thou neglect

To sow it now 'tis ready, thou shalt find That it will bind,

And harder grow

Than at the first it was. Thou must be stow Some further cost,

Else all thy former labour will be lost.

Mine heart no corn will breed.

Without thy seed.

3.

Thy word is seed,
And manure too: will feed,
As well as fill mine heart. If once it were
Well rooted there,

it would come on apace: O then neglect
No time: expect

No better season.

Now, now thy field, mine heart, is ready: reason Surrenders now,

Now my rebellious will begins to bow, And mine affections are Tamer by far.

4.

Lord, I have lain
Barren too long, and fain
I would redeem the time, that I may be
Fruitful to thee;

Fruitful in knowledge, faith, obedience, Ere I go hence:

That when I come

At harvest to be reaped, and brought home, Thine angels may

My soul in thy celestial garner lay,

Where perfect joy and bliss

Eternal is.

5.

If to intreat
A crop of purest wheat,
A blessing too transcendent should appear
For me to hear.

Lord, make me what thou wilt, so thou wilt take
What thou dost make,
And not disdain

To house me, though among thy coarsest grain; So I may be

Laid with the gleanings gathered by thee,
When the full sheaves are spent,
I am content,



#### The WATERING of the Heart.

#### Isaiah xxvii. 3.

I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment.

#### Epig. 29.

CLOSE downwards tow'rds the earth, open above Tow'rds heav'n, mine heart is. O let thy love Distil in fructifying dews of grace, And then mine heart will be a pleasant place.

#### ODE XXIX.

7.

See how this dry and thirsty land,
Mine heart, doth gaping, gasping stand,
And, close below, opens tow'rds heav'n and thee,
Thou Fountain of Felicity,

Great Lord of living waters, water me:

Let not my breath, that pants with pain,
Waste and consume itself in vain.

0.

The mists, that from the earth do rise,
An heav'n-born heart will not suffice:
Cool it without they may, but cannot quench
The scalding heat within, nor drench
Its dusty dry desires, or fill one trench.
Nothing, but what comes from on high,
Can heav'n-bred longings satisfy.



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#### CORDIS IRRIGATIO.

Telluri clausum: Cœlo patet:implue rorem. Cordis ab hoc vario flore vireseet Humus.

#### The WATERING of the HEART,

My Heart towril Heavin isopen; let thy Showers Gently distil, and aid the springing Flowers.



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See how the seed, which thou didst sow,
Lies parch'd, and wither'd; will not grow
Without some moisture, and mine heart hath none

That it can truly call its own,
By nature of itself, more than a stone:
Unless thou water't, it will lie

Unless thou water't, it will lie Drowned in dust, and still be dry.

4.

Thy tender plants can never thrive,
Whilst want of water doth deprive
Their roots of nourishment: which makes them call
And cry to thee, great All in All,

That seasonable show'rs of grace may fall,
And water them: thy word will do't.
If thou vouchsafe thy blessing to 't.

5.

O then be pleased to unseal
Thy fountain, blessed Saviour; deal
Some drops at least, wherewith my drooping spir'ts
May be revived. Lord, thy merits
Yield more refreshing, than the world inherits,
Rivers: yea seas, but ditches are,
If with thy springs we them compare.

6.

If not full show'rs of rain, yet, Lord, A little pearly dew afford,

Begot by thy celestial influence

On some chaste vapour, raised hence
To be partaker of thine excellence:

A little, if it come from thee, Will be of great avail to me.

Thou boundless Ocean of grace,
Let thy free Spirit have a place
Within mine heart: full rivers, then, I know,
Of living waters, forth will flow;
And all thy plants, thy fruits, thy flow'rs will grow.
Whilst thy springs their roots do nourish.
They must needs be fat, and flourish.







#### CORDIS FLORIS.

Here Wili, nata tuo de semine consecro, Sponse, Lilia, et his patrium floribus addo Solum.

#### The FLOWERS of the HEART.

These Lillies, rais'd from Seed which thou didst sow, Igire Thee, with the Soil in which they grow.

The FLOWERS of the Heart.

#### CANT. vi. 2.

My Beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

#### Epig. 30.

THESE lilies I do consecrate to thee, Beloved Spouse, which spring, asthou may'st see, Out of the seed thou sowedst; and the ground Is better'd by thy flow'rs, when they abound.

#### ODE XXX.

1.

Is there a joy like this?

What can augment my bliss?

If my Beloved will accept
A posy of these flowers, kept

And consecrated unto his content,
I hope hereafter he will not repent

The cost and pains he hath bestow'd
So freely upon me, that ow'd
Him all I had before,
And infinitely more.

Nay try them blessed Lord;
Take them not on my word,
But let the colour, taste, and smell,
The truth of their perfections tell.
Thou that art infinite in wisdom, see
If they be not the same that came from thee.
If any difference be found,
It is occasion'd by the ground,
Which yet I cannot see
So good as it should be.

3.

What say'st thou to that Rose,
That queen of flowers, whose
Maiden blushes, fresh and fair,
Outbrave the dainty morning air?
Dost thou not in those lovely leaves espy
The perfect picture of that modesty,

That self-condemning shamefacedness,
That is more ready to confess
A fault, and to amend,
Than it is to offend?

4.

Is not this lily pure?

What fuller can procure

white so perfect, spotless, clear,

As in this flower doth appear?

Dost thou not in this milky colour see

The lively lustre of sincerity,

Which no hypocrisy hath painted,
Nor self-respecting ends have tainted?
Can there be to thy sight
A more intire delight?

Or wilt thou have, beside,
Violets purple-dy'd?
The sun-observing marigold,
Or orpin never waxing old,
The primrose, cowslip, gilliflow'r, or pink,
Or any flow'r, or herb, that I can think
Thou hast a mind unto? I shall
Quickly be furnish'd with them all,
If once I do but know
That thou wilt have it so.

6.

Faith is a fruitful grace,
Well-planted, stores the place,
Fills all the borders, beds, and bow'rs,
With wholesome herbs and pleasant flow'rs:
Great Gardener, thou say'st, and I believe.
What thou dost mean to gather, thou wilt give.
Take then, mine heart in hand, to fill't,
And it shall yield thee what thou wilt.
Yea thou, by gath'ring more,
Shalt still increase my store.

The KEEPING of the Heart.

#### Prov. iv. 23.

Keep thy heart with all diligence.

#### Epig. 31.

LIKE to a garden that is closed round, That heart is safely kept, which still is found Compass'd with care, and guarded with the fear Of God, as with a flaming sword and spear.

#### ODE XXXI.

1.

The Soul.

Lord, wilt thou suffer this? Shall vermin spoil

The fruit of all thy toil,

Thy trees, thine herbs, thy plants, thy flow'rs thus;

And, for an overplus

Of Spite and malice, overthrow thy mounds,
Lay common all thy grounds?

Canst thou endure thy pleasant garden should
Be thus turn'd up as ordinary mould?

Christ. 2.

What is the matter? why dost thou complain?

Must I as well maintain,

And keep, as make thy fences? wilt thou take No pains for thine own sake?

Or doth thy self-confounding fancy fear thee,
When there's no danger near thee?

Speak out thy doubts, and thy degree, and tall

Speak out thy doubts, and thy desires, and tell me, What enemy or can or dares to quell thee?



### CORDIS CUSTODIA.

Quam bene conclusum Vigit hic Cor prolegit horhum, Præstricto munit quem Timor ense Dei.

The KEEPING of the HEART.

His Heart is guarded well, whose Hands appear Arm'd with a flaming Sword, by Holy Fear .



#### ALTERNATION AND DESCRIPTION OF

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The Soul.

3.

Many, and mighty, and malicious, Lord,
That seek, with one accord,
To work my speedy ruin, and make haste
To lay thy garden waste.

The devil is a ramping roaring lion,

Hates at his heart thy Zion, And never gives it respit day nor hour, But still goes seeking whom he may devour.

4.

The world's a wilderness, wherein I find
Wild beasts of every kind,
Foxes, and wolves, and dogs, and boars, and bears;

And, which augments my fears,

Eagles and vultures, and such birds of prey, Will not be kept away:

Besides the light-abhorring owls and bats, And secret-corner-creeping mice and rats.

5.

But these, and many more, would not dismay Me much, unless there lay

One worse than all within, myself I mean,
My false, unjust, unclean,

Faithless, disloyal self, that both entice And entertain each vice,

This home-bred traiterous partaking's worse Than all the violence of foreign force.

Lord, thou may'st see my fears are grounded, rise Not from a bare surmise,

Or doubt of danger only, my desires

Are but what need requires,

Of thy Divine protection and defence

To keep these vermin hence:

Which, if they should not be restrain'd by thee, Would grow too strong to be kept out by me.

Christ.

7.

Thy fear is just, and I approve thy care. But yet thy comforts are

Provided for, ev'n in that care and fear:

Whereby it doth appear

Thou hast what thou desirest, my protection To keep thee from defection.

The heart that cares and fears, is kept by me.

I watch thee, whilst thy foes are watch'd by thee.





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#### CORDIS VIGILIA

Te vigil exquirit Cor, dum Sopor occupat Arhis Nec sine Te nochi, nec potis esse die .

The WATCHING of the HEART My wakeful Hearl, that loves thy Presence, keeps A constant Watch, e'en while my Body sleeps. The WATCHING of the Heart.

CANT. v. 2.

I sleep, but my heart waketh.

Epig. 32.

WHILST the soft lands of sleep tie up my senses, My watchful heart, free from all such pretences, Searches for thee, inquires of all about thee, Nor day, nor night, able to be without thee.

#### ODE XXXII.

1.

It must be so: that God that gave
Me senses, and a mind, would have
Me use them both, but in their several kinds,
Sleep must refresh my senses, but my mind's

A sparkle of heav'nly fire, that feeds
On action and employment, needs
No time of rest: for, when it thinks to please
Itself with idleness, 'tis least at ease.

Though quiet rest refresh the head, The heart, that stirs not, sure is dead.

2

Whilst, then, my body ease doth take, My rest-refusing heart shall wake: And that mine heart the better watch may keep, I'll lay my senses for a time to sleep.

#### 102 THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

Wanton desires shall not entice,
Nor lust inveigle them to vice:
No fading colours shall allure my sight,
Nor sounds enchant mine ears with their delight:
I'll bind my smell, my touch, my taste,
To keep a strict religious fast.

3.

My wordly business shall lie still,
That heav'nly thoughts my mind may fill:
My Martha's cumb'ring cares shall cease their noise,
That Mary may attend her better choice.

That meditation may advance
My heart on purpose, not by chance,
My body shall keep holy day, that so
My mind with better liberty may go
About her business, and ingross
That gain which worldly men count loss.

4.

And though my senses sleep the while,
My mind my senses shall beguile
With dreams of thee, dear Lord, whose rare perfections
Of excellence are such, that bare inspections

Cannot suffice my greedy soul,
Nor her fierce appetite controul;
But that the more she looks, the more she longs,
And strives to thrust into the thickest throngs

Of those divine discoveries Which dazzle even angels' eyes.

Oh could I lay aside this flesh,
And follow after thee with fresh
And free desires! my disentangled soul,
Ravish'd with admiration, should roll
Itself and all its thoughts on thee,

And, by believing, strive to see
What is invisible to flesh and blood,
And only by fruition understood,

The beauty of each sev'ral grace, That shines in thy sun shameing face.

6.

But what I can do that I will,
Waking and sleeping, seek thee still:
I'll leave no place unpry'd into behind me,
Where I can but imagine I may find thee:

I'll ask of all I meet, if they

Can tell me where thou art, which way
Thou go'st that I may follow after thee,
Which way thou com'st, that thou may'st meet with
If not thy face, Lord, let mine heart

Behold with Moses thy back part.

#### The Wounding of the Heart.

#### Lam. iii. 12.

He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow.

#### Epig. 33.

A Thousand of thy strongest shafts, my Light, Draw up against this heart with all thy might, And strike it through: they, that in need do stand Of cure, are healed by thy wounding hand.

#### ODE XXXIII.

1.

Nay, spare me not, dear Lord, it cannot be
They should be hurt, that wounded are by thee.
Thy shafts will heal the hearts they hit,
And to each sore its salve will fit.
All hearts by nature are both sick and sore,
And mine as much as any else, or more:
There is no place that's free from sin,
Neither without it, nor within;
And universal maladies do crave
Variety of medicines to have.

2.

First, let the arrow of thy piercing eye, Whose light outvieth the star-spangled sky, Strike through the darkness of my mind, And leave no cloudy mist behind.



#### CORDIS VULNERATIO.

Mille Corhoc validis, mea Lux transfige sagittis, Pharmaca sunt hus que Vulnera dextra facit.

#### The WOUNDING of the HEART.

With Thousand Shafts Opiere this Heart of mine; The Wounds Thou givest Lord, are Balm divine .



## CONTAINED OF BUILDING

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Let thy resplendent rays of knowledge dart Bright beams of understanding to mine heart,

To my sin-shadow'd heart, wherein Black ignorance did first begin To blur thy beauteous image, and deface The glory of thy self-sufficing grace.

3.

Next let the shaft of thy sharp-pointed pow'r, Discharged by that strength that can devour

All difficulties, and incline
Stout opposition to resign
Its steelly stubbornness, subdue my will,
Make it hereafter ready to fulfil

Thy royal law of righteousness,
As gladly as, I must confess,
It hath fulfiled heretofore th' unjust,
Profane, and cruel laws of its own lust.

4.

Then let that love of thine, which made thee leave The bosom of thy Father, and bereave

Thyself of thy transcendent glory (Matter for an eternal story!),

Strike through mine affections all together,

And let that sun-shine clear the cloudy weather,

Wherein they wander without guide, Or order, as the wind and tide Of floating vanities transport and toss them, Till self-begotten troubles curb and cross them.

Lord empty all thy quivers, let there be No corner of my spacious heart left free, Till all be but one wound, wherein

Till all be but one wound, wherein No subtle sight-abhorring sin May lurk in secret unespy'd by me, Orreign in pow'r unsubdu'd by thee.

Perfect thy purchas'd victory,
That thou may'st ride triumphantly,
And, leading captive all captivity,
May'st put an end to enmity in me.

6.

Then, blessed archer, in requital, I
To shoot thine arrows back again will try;

By pray'rs and praises, sighs and sobs, By vows and tears, by groans and throbs, I'll see if I can pierce and wound thine heart, And vanquish thee again by thine own art,

Or, that we may at once provide
For all mis-haps that may betide,
Shoot thou thyself, thy polish'd shaft, to me,
And I will shoot my broken heart to thee.



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### CORDIS INHABITATIO,

Spirilus Omea Lux, Cordis tuus incolat Ædem, Sponse, ut amore tuo mi redameris amans.

The INHABITING of the HEART.

White here thy Spirit dwells, my Heart shall burn.

With thine own Love; which sure thou wilt return.

The INHABITING of the Heart.

GAL. iv. 6.

God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts.

Epig. 34.

MINE heart's an house, my Light, and thou canst tell
There's room enough, O let thy Spirit dwell
For ever there: that so thou may'st love me,
And, being lov'd, I may again love thee.

### ODE XXXIV.

1.

Welcome, great guest, this house, mine heart, Shall all be thine: I will resign

Mine interest in ev'ry part:
Only be pleased to use it as thine own
For ever, and inhabit it alone:
There's room enough; and, if the furniture
Were answerably fitted, I am sure

Thou would'st be well content to stay,
And, by thy light,
Possess my sight

With sense of an eternal day.

2

It is thy building, Lord; 'twas made
At thy command,
And still doth stand
Upheld and shelter'd by the shade
Of thy protecting providence; though such
As is decayed and impaired much,

### 10S THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

Since the removal of thy residence, When, with thy grace, glory departed hence:

It hath been all this while an inn
To entertain

The vile, and vain, And wicked companies of sin.

3.

Although't be but an house of clay, Fram'd out of dust, And such as must

Dissolved be, yet it was gay
And glorious indeed, when ev'ry place
Was furnished and fitted with thy grace:
When, in the presence-chamber of my mind,
The bright sun-beams of perfect knowledge shin'd:

When my will was thy bed-chamber,

And ev'ry pow'r
A stately tow'r
Sweeten'd with thy Spirit's amber.

4.

But whilst thou dost thyself absent, It is not grown Noisome alone,

But all to pieces torn and rent.
The windows all are stopt, or broken so,
That no light without wind can thorough go.
The roof's uncovered, and the walt's decay'd,
The door's flung off the hooks, the floor's unlay'd;

Yea the foundation rotten is, And every-where

It doth appear
All that remains is far amiss.

5.

But if thou wilt return again,
And dwell in me,
Lord, thou shalt see
What care I'll take to entertain
Thee, though not like thyself, yet in such sort
As thou wilt like, and I shall thank thee for't.
Lord, let thy blessed Spirit keep possession,
And all things will be well: at least, confession
Shall tell thee what's amiss in me,

And then thou shalt
Or mend the fault,
Or take the blame of all on thee.



### The ENLARGING of the Heart.

### PSALM CXIX. 32.

I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

### Epig. 35.

HOW pleasant is that now, which heretofore Mine heart held bitter, sacred learning's lore! Enlarged heart enters with greatest ease The straitest paths, and run the narrowest ways.

### ODE XXXV.

1.

What a blessed change I find,
Since I entertain'd this guest!
Now methinks another mind
Moves and rules within my breast.
Surely I am not the same
That I was before he came,
But I then was much to blame.

2.

When, before, my God commanded
Any thing he would have done,
I was close and gripple-handed,
Made an end ere I begunIf he thought it fit to lay
Judgments on me, I could say,
They are good; but shrink away.



## CORDIS DILATATIO.

Quam volume est quod amure prius for duxitamarum, Angustam late currere Corde Tiam!

## The ENLARGING of the HEART.

That's pleasant now, which once I strove to shun; With Heart enlarg'd the narrow Way to run.



# MATERIAL STREET

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3.

All the ways of righteousness
I did think were full of trouble;
I complain'd of tediousness,
And each duty seemed double.
Whilst I serv'd him but of fear,
Ev'ry minute did appear
Longer far than a whole year.

4.

Strictness in religion seemed
Like a pined, pinion'd thing:
Bolts and fetters I esteemed
More beseeming for a king,
Than for me to bow my neck,
And be at another's beck,
When I felt my conscience check.

5.

But the case is alter'd now:
He no sooner turns his eye,
But I quickly bend, and bow,
Ready at his feet to lie:
Love hath taught me to obey
All his precepts, and to say,
Not to-morrow, but to-day.

6.

What he wills, I say I must:
What I must, I say I will:
He commanding, it is just
What he would I should fulfil.
Whilst he biddeth, I believe
What he calls for, he will give.
To obey him, is to live.

7.

His commandments grievous are not,
Longer than men think them so:
Though he send me forth, I care not,
Whilst he gives me strength to go,
When or wither, all is one,
On his bus'ness, not mine own,
I shall never go alone.

8.

If I be compleat in him,
And in him all fullness dwelleth,
I am sure aloft to swim,
Whilst that Ocean overswelleth.
Having Him that's All in All,
I am confident I shall
Nothing want, for which I call.







### CORDIS INFLAMMATIO

Perge Amer et succende mei penetralia Conlis, Vivat ut in patrio cen Salamandm rege.

The INFLAMING of the HEART. Thus my fond Heart inflamid with strong Desire, Shall like a Salamander, live in Fire.

The INFLAMEING of the Heart.

### PSALM XXXIX. 3.

My heart was hot within me: while I was musing, the fire burned.

### Epig. 36.

SPARE not, my Love, to kindle and inflame Mine heart within throughout, until the same Break forth, and burn: that so thy salamander, Mine heart, may never from thy furnace wander.

### ODE XXXVI.

1.

Welcome, holy, heav'nly fire,
Kindled by immortal love:
Which descending from above,
Makes all earthly thoughts retire,
And give place
To that grace,
Which, with gentle violence,
Conquers all corrupt affections,
Rebel nature's insurrections,
Bidding them be packing hence.

2.

Lord, thy fire doth heat within,
Warmeth not without alone;
Though it be an heart of stone,
Of itself congeal'd in sin,
Hard as steel,
If it feel

## 114 THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

Thy dissolving pow'r, it groweth Soft as wax, and quickly takes Any print thy Spirit makes, Paying what thou say'st it oweth.

S.

Of itself mine heart is dark;
But thy fire, by shining bright,
Fills it full of saving light.
Though't be but a little spark
Lent by thee,
I shall see
More by it, than all the light,

Which in fullest measures streams
From corrupted nature's beams,
Can discover to my sight.

4.

Though mine heart be ice and snow

To the things which thou hast chosen,
All benum'd with cold, and frozen,
Yet thy fire will make it glow.

Though it burns, When it turns

Tow'rds the things which thou dost hate:
Yet thy blessed warmth, no doubt,
Will that wild-fire soon draw out,
And the heat thereof abate.

5.

Lord, thy fire is active, using Always either to ascend To its native heav'n, or lend Heat to others: and diffusing Of its store,
Gathers more,
Never ceasing till it make
All things like itself, and longing
To see others come with thronging
Of thy goodness to partake.

6.

Lord, then let thy fire inflame
My cold heart so thoroughly,
That the heat may never die,
But continue still the same:
That I may

Ev'ry day'
More and more, consuming sin,
Kindling others, and attending
All occasions of ascending,
Heaven upon earth begin.



The LADDER of the Heart.

PSALM IXXXIV. 5

In whose heart are the ways of them.

Epig. 37.

WOULDST thou, my love, a ladder have, whereby Thou may'st climb heaven, to sit down on high? In thine own heart, then, frame thee steps, and bend Thy mind to muse how thou may'st there ascend.

### ODE XXXVII.

The Soul.

What! Shall I Always lie Grov'ling on earth, Where there is no mirth? Why should I not ascend And climb up, where I may mend My mean estate of misery? Happiness, I know, 's exceeding high: Yet sure there is some remedy for that.

Christ.

True, There is. Perfect bliss May be had above: But he, that will obtain Such a gold-exceeding gain, Must never think to reach the same, And scale heav'n's walls, until he frame A ladder in his heart as near as new.



### CORDIS SCALE.

Vin'scalis Dilecta, poli conscendere Sedes! Hic prus in proprio construe Corde gradus.

The LADDER of the HEART.

Would you scale Heav'n, and use a Ladder's aid.

Then in thy Heart let the first Step be made.



The Soul.

3.

Lord,
I will:
But the skill
Is not mine own:
Such an art's not known,
Unless thou wilt it teach:
It is far above the reach
Of mortal minds to understand.
But if thou wilt lend thine helping hand,
I will endeayour to obey thy word.

Christ.

4.

Well
Then, see
That thou be
As ready prest
To perform the rest,
As now to promise fair:
And I'll teach thee how to rear
A scaling-ladder in thine heart
To mount heaven with: no rules of art,
But I alone, can the composure tell.

5.

First,
Thou must
Take on trust
All that I say;
Reason must not sway
Thy judgment cross to mine,
But her sceptre quite resign.
Faith must be both thy ladder sides,
Which will stay thy steps whate'er bet des,
And satisfy thine hunger, and thy thirst.

### THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

6.

Then,
The round
Next the ground,
Which I must see;
Is Humility:
From which thou must ascend,
And with perseverance end.
Virtue to virtue, grace to grace,
Must each orderly succeed in 'ts place;
And when thou hast done all, begin again.

118





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### CORDIS VOLATUS.

Quis mihi Chaonii geminas dabit alitis alas, Pertasum terra, quies Cor ad Astra volet!

The FLYING of the HEART.

O that on Wings my weary Heart could rise,
Quit this vain World, and seek her native Skies!

## The FLYING of the Heart.

#### ISAIAH lx. 8.

Who are those that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?

### Erig. 38.

OH that mine heart had wings like to a dove, That I might quickly hasten hence, and move With speedy flight tow'rds the celestial spheres, As weary of this world, its faults and fears.

### ODE XXXVIII.

1.

This way, though pleasant, yet methinks is long:
Step after step, makes little haste,
And I am not so strong

As still to last Among

So great, So many lets:

Swelter'd and swill'd in sweat, My toiling soul both fumes and frets, As though she were inclin'd to a retreat. 0

Corruption clogs my feet like filthy clay,
And I am ready still to slip:
Which makes me often stay,
When I should trip

Away. My fears

And faults are such,
As challenge all my tears
So justly, that it were not much,
If I in weeping should spend all my years.

3.

This makes me weary of the world below,
And greedy of a place above,
On which I may bestow
My choicest love,
And so
Obtain

That favour, which
Excells all worldly gain,
And maketh the possessor rich
In happiness of a transcendent strain.

4.

What! must I still be rooted here below,
And riveted unto the ground,
Wherein mine haste to grow
Will be, though sound,
But slow?
I know

The sun exhales
Gross vapours from below,
Which, scorning as it were the vales,
On mountain-topping clouds themselves bestow.

5.

But my fault-frozen heart is slow to move, Makes poor proceedings at the best, As though it did not love,

Nor long for rest-

Mine eyes
Can upward look,

As though they did despise
All things on earth, and could not brook
Their presence: but mine heart is slow to rise.

6

Oh that it were once winged like the dove, That in a moment mounts on high,

Then should it soon remove

Where it may lie

In love. And lo.

This one desire

Methinks hath imp'd it so,
That it already flies like fire,

And ev'n my verses into wings do grow.

The Union of the Heart.

Ezek. xi. 19.

I will give them one heart.

Epig. 39.

LIKE-minded minds, hearts alike heartily
Affected, will together live and die:
Many things meet and part: but love's great cable,
Tying two hearts, makes them inseparable.

### ODE XXXIX.

The Soul.

1.

All this is not enough: methinks I grow
More greedy by fruition: what I get
Serves but to set
An edge upon mine appetite,
And all thy gifts do but invite
My pray'rs for more.

Lord, if thou wilt not still increase my store, Why didst thou any thing at all bestow?

Christ.

0

And is't the fruit of having, still to crave?

Then let thine heart united be to mine,

And mine to thine,

In a firm union, whereby
We may no more be thou and I,
Or I and thou,

But both the same: and then I will avow, Thou canst not want what thou dost wish to have.



## CORDIS UNIO.

Unanimes Anima, concordia vivite Corda, Thum queis, velle et nolle, dat unus Amor.

The UNION of the HEART.

Live ve united Minds, and social Hearts, To whom One Love but One Desire inparts .



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Martin Martin

A TOTAL CONTRACT CONT

The Soul.

S.

True, Lord, for thou art All in All to me; But how to get my stubborn heart to twine And close with thine,

And close with thine,
I do not know, nor can I guess
How I should ever learn, unless
Thou wilt direct

The course that I must take to that effect. 'Tis thou, not I, must knit mine heart to thee.

Christ.

4.

'Tis true, and so, I will: but yet thou must Do something tow'rds it too: First, thou must lay All sin away.

And separate from that, which would Our meeting intercept, and hold Us distant still:

I am all goodness, and can close with ill No more than richest diamonds with dust.

5.

Then thou must not count any earthly thing, However gay and gloriously set forth,

Of any worth,
Compar'd with me, that am alone
Th' eternal, high, and holy One:
But place thy love

Only on me and the things above, Which true content and endless comfort bring. 6.

Love is the loadstone of the heart, the glue, The cement, and the solder, which alone

Unites in one Things that before were not the same. But only like; imparts the name, And nature too,

Of each to th' other: nothing can undo The knot that's knit by love, if it be true.

But if in deed and truth thou lovest me. And not in word alone, then I shall find That thou dost mind The things I mind, and regulate All thine affections, love, and hate, Delight, desire,

Fear, and the rest, by what I do require, And I in thee myself shall always see.





And the state of t



#### CORDIS QUIES.

Mobile Cor nulla potis est requiescere Sede, Unus ei centrum nam Deus una Quies.

The REST of the HEART. My Heart of Earthly Scenes quite weary grown, Seeks for Repose, and Rest, in God alone.

The REST of the Heart.

PSALM CXVI. 7.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul.

Epig. 40.

MY busy, stirring heart, that seeks the best, Can find no place on earth wherein to rest: For God alone, the author of its bliss, Its only rest, its only centre is.

### ODE XL.

1.

Move me no more, mad world, it is in vain,
Experience tells me plain
I should deceived be,
If ever I again should trust in thee.

My weary heart hath ransack'd all Thy treasures both great and small,

And thy large inventory bears in mind:
Yet could it never find
One place wherein to rest,
Though it hath often tried all the best.

2.

Thy profits brought me loss instead of gain,
And all thy pleasures pain:
Thine honours blurr'd my name
With the deep stains of self-confounding shame.

## 126 THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

Thy wisdom made me turn stark fool,
And all the learning, that thy school
Afforced me, was not enough to make
Me know myself, and take
Care of my better part,
Which should have perished for all thine heart.

3.

Not that there is not a place of rest in thee
For others: but for me
There is, there can be, none;
That God, that made mine heart, is he alone
That of himself both can and will
Give rest unto my thoughts, and fill
Them full of all content and quietness,
That so I may possess
My soul in patience,
Until he find it time to call me hence.

4.

On thee, then, as a sure foundation,

A tried corner-stone,
Lord, I will strive to raise

The tow'r of my salvation, and thy praise.
In thee, as in my centre, shall
The lines of all my longings fall.

To thee, as to mine anchor, surely ty'd,
My ship shall safely ride.
On thee, as on my bed

Of soft repose, I'll rest my weary head.

5.

Thou, thou alone, shalt be my whole desire;
I'll nothing else require
But thee, or for thy sake.
In thee I'll sleep secure; and, when I wake,

Thy glorious face shall satisfy

The longing of my looking eye.

I'll roll myself on thee, as on my rock,

When threat'ning dangers mock.

Of thee, as of my treasure,

I'll boast and brag, my comforts know no measure.

6.

Lord, thou shalt be mine All, I will not know
A profit here below,
But what reflects on thee:
Thou shalt be all the pleasure I will see
In any thing the earth affords.
Mine heart shall own no words
Of honor, out of which I cannot raise
The matter of thy praise.
Nay, I will not be mine,
Unless thou wilt youchsafe to have me thine.



### The BATHING of the Heart.

### JOEL iii. 21.

I will cleanse their blood, that I have not cleansed.

### Epig. 41.

THIS bath thy Saviour swet with drops of blood, Sick heart, of purpose for to do thee good. They that have try'd it can the virtue tell; Come, then, and use it, if thou wilt be well.

#### ODE XLI.

1.

All this thy God hath done for thee And now, mine heart,
It is high time that thou should'st be
Acting thy part,
And meditating on his blessed passion,
Till thou hast made it thine by imitation.

0

That exercise will be the best
And surest means,
To keep thee evermore at rest,
And free from pains.
To suffer with thy Saviour, is the way
To make thy present comforts last for aye.



Johnson C.

#### BALNEUM CORDIS EX SUDORE SANGUINEO.

Balnea sanguinei Sponsi sudata cruore,
Cor ægrum hic tili quæ dat Paradisus Adi.
The BATHING of the HEART with the BLOODY SWEAT.
(hrist's Bloody Sweat immortal Blessings gives,

As by its daily Sweat Man's Body lives .



#### PHYLLE (OBMS 5/22 NOTE PARTIES

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s.

Trace then the steps wherein he trod,
And first begin
To sweat with him. The heavy load,
Which for thy sin
He underwent, squeez'd blood out of his face,
Which in great drops came trickling down apace.

4.

Oh let not, then, that precious blood

Be spilt in vain,

But gather ev'ry drop. 'Tis good

To purge the stain

Of guilt, that hath defil'd and overspread

Thee from the sole of th' foot to th' crown of the head.

5.

Poison possesseth every vein,
The fountain is
Corrupt, and all the streams unclean:
All is amiss.

Thy blood's impure; yea, thou thyself, mine heart, In all thine inward pow'rs, polluted art.

6.

When thy first father did ill,
Man's doom was read,
That in the sweat of's face he still
Should eat his bread.
What the first Adam in a garden caught,
The second Adam in a garden taught.

7.

Taught by his own example, how
To sweat for sin.
Under that heavy weight to bow,
And never lin\*

Begging release, till, with strong cries and tears. The soul be drain'd of all its faults and fears.

8.

If sin's imputed guilt oppress'd
Th' Almighty so,
That his sad soul could find no rest
Under that woe:
But that the bitter agony he felt
Made his pure blood, if not to sweat, to melt;

9.

Then let that huge inherent mass
Of sin, that lies
In heaps on thee, make thee surpass
In tears and cries,
Striving with all thy strength, until thou sweat
Such drops as his, though not as good as great.

10.

And if he think it fit to lay
Upon thy back
Or pains or duties, as he may,
Until it crack,
ink not away, but strain thine utmo

Shrink not away, but strain thine utmost force To bear them chearfully without remorse.

<sup>\*</sup> Lin; i. e. linger, delay.



# SAMPLE OF STREET

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Johnson fc.

#### VINCULUM CORDIS EX FUNIBUS CHRISTI.

Crimina Te duro, fateor, mea fune ligarunt, Dulcior astrigat Cor Tibi funis Amor

The BINDING of the HEART with the CORDS of CHRIST.

My Sins made Thee a cruel Bondage prove;

0 bind now Heart to Thee with Cords of Love.

#### The BINDING of the Heart.

#### Hos. xi. 4.

I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.

#### Epig. 42.

MY sins, I do confess a cord were found
Heavy and hard by thee, when thou wast bound,
Great Lord of love, with them; but thou hast twin'd
Gentle love-cords my tender heart to bind.

#### ODE XLIL

1.

What! could those hands,
That made the world, be subject unto bands?
Could there a cord be found,
Wherewith Omnipotence itself was bound?
Wonder, my heart, and stand amaz'd to see
The Lord of liberty
Led captive for thy sake, and in thy stead.
Although he did

Nothing deserving death, or bands, yet he Was bound, and put to death, to set thee free.

2.

Thy sins had ty'd
Those bands for thee, wherein thou should'st have dy'd:
And thou didst daily knit
Knots upon knots, whereby thou mad'st them sit
Closer and faster to thy faulty self.

Helpless

Helpless and hopeless, friendless and forlorn,
The sink of scorn,
And kennel of contempt, thou should'st have laim
Eternally enthrall'd to endless pain;

3.

Had not the Lord

Of love and life been pleased to afford

His helping hand of grace,

And freely put himself into thy place.

So were thy bands transferr'd, but not unty'd,

Until the time he dy'd,

And, by his death, vanquish'd and conquer'd all

That Adam's fall
Had made victorious. Sin, death, and hell,
Thy fatal foes, under his footstool fell.

4.

Yet he meant not
That thou should'st use the liberty he got
As it should like thee best;
To wander as thou listest, or to rest
In soft repose, careless of his commands:
He that hath loos'd those bands,
Whereby thou wast enslaved to the foes,
Binds thee with those
Wherewith he bound himself to do thee good,
The bands of love, love writ in lines of blood.

5.

His love to thee

Made him to lay aside his majesty,
And, cloathed in a vail

Of frail, though faultless flesh, become thy bail.

But love requireth love: and since thou art
Loved by him, thy part
It is to love him too: and love affords
The strongest cords

That can be: for it ties, not hands alone, But heads, and hearts, and souls, and all in one.

6.

Come then, mine heart,
And freely follow the prevailing art
Of thy Redeemer's love.
That strong magnetic tie hath pow'r to move
The steel'st stubbornness. If thou but twine
And twist his love with thine;
And, by obedience, labour to express

Thy thankfulness;
It will be hard to say on whether side
The bands are surest, which is fastest ty'd.



#### The Prop of the Heart.

### PSALM CXII. 7, 8.

His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. His heart is established, he shall not be afraid.

#### Epig. 43.

MY weak and feeble heart a prop must use, But pleasant fruits and flowers doth refuse: My Christ my pillar is; on him rely, Repose, and rest myself, alone will I.

#### ODE XLIII.

1.

Suppose it true, that, whilst thy Saviour's side Was furrowed with scourges, he was ty'd

Unto some pillar fast:

Think not, mine heart, it was because he could Not stand alone, or that left loose he would

Have shrunk away at last; Such weakness suits not with Omnipotence, Not could man's malice match his patience.

2.

But if so done, 'twas done to tutor thee, Whose frailty and impatience he doth see
Such, that thou hast nor strength
Nor will, as of thyself, to undergo
The least degree of duty or of woe,
But would'st be sure at length



#### FULCRUM CORDIS CHRISTI COLUMNA.

Non Flores, non Poma, meum Cor debile posoit Fulcire hæc hu mu Christe Columna satis.

CHRIST'S PILLAR the PROP of the HEART
Nor Fruits, nor Flow'rs requires my weaken'd Heart;
Her Pillar, Christ, can lasting Aid impart.



To flinch or faint, or not to stand at all, Or in the end more fearfully to fall.

S.

Thy very frame and figure, broad above, Narrow beneath, apparently doth prove

Thou canst not stand alone,
Without a prop to bolster and to stay thee.
To trust to thine own strength, would soon betray thee.

Alas! thou now art grown

So weak and feeble, way'ring and unstaid, Thou shrink'st at the least weight that's on thee laid.

4.

The easiest commandments thou declinest, And at the lightest punishment thou whinest:

Thy restless motions are Innumerable, like the troubled sea, Whose waves are toss'd and tumbled ev'ry way.

The hound pursued hare
Makes not so many doubles as thou dost,
Till thy cross'd courses in themselves are lost.

5.

Get thee some stay that may support thee, then, And stablish thee, lest thou should'st start again.

But where may it be tound?
Will pleasant fruits or flow'rs serve the turn?
No, no, my tott'ring heart will overturn

And lay them on the ground.

Dainties may serve to miniser delight,
But strength is only from the Lord of might.

6.

Betake thee to thy Christ, then, and repose Thyself, in all extremities, on those His everlasting arms,

Wherewith he girds the heavens, and upholds
The pillars of the earth, and safely folds

His faithful flock from harms. Cleave close to him by faith, and let the bands Of love tie thee in thy redeemer's hands.

7.

Come life, come death, come devils, come what will, Yet, fasten'd so, thou shalt stand steadfast still:

And all the pow'rs of hell Shall not prevail to shake thee with their shock, So long as thou art founded on that Rock:

No duty shall thee quell,
No danger shall disturb thy quiet state,
Nor soul-perplexing fears thy mind amate.\*

\* Amate; i. e. dishearten!







#### COR PHIALA CHRISTO SITIENTI.

Respue que Juda gemis offert pocula fellis. Compuncti Cordis sed bibe Sponse merum.

The HEARTA CUP to a THIRSTING CHRIST. Refuse the Cup of Gall, C Spouse divine; But Wounded Hearts afford a pleasant Wine.

manufactured to the second

#### The Scourging of the Heart.

#### PROV. X. 13.

A rod is for the back of him that is void of understanding.

#### Epig. 44.

WHEN thou with-hold st thy scourges, dearest Love, My sluggish heart is slack, and slow to move: Oh let it not stand still; but lash it rather, And drive it, though unwilling, to thy Father.

#### ODE XLIV.

1

What do those scourges on that sacred flesh, Spotless and pure ?

Must He, that doth sin-weary'd souls refresh, Himself endure

Such tearing tortures? Must those sides be gash'd?
Those shoulders lash'd?

Is this the trimming that the world bestows
Upon such robes of Majesty as those?

0

Is't not enough to die, unless by pain
Thou autedate

Thy death beforehand, Lord? What dost thou mean?
To aggravate

The guilt of sin, or to enhance the price
Thy sacrifice
Amounts to? Both are infinite, I know,
And can by no additions greater grow.

3.

Yet dare I not imagine, that in vain

One stripe: though not thine own thereby, my gain

Thou didst procure,
That when I shall be scourged for thy sake,

Thy stripes may make
Mine acceptable, that I may not grutch,
When I remember thou hast borne as much:

#### 4.

As much, and more for me. Come, then, mine heart,
And willingly

Submit thyself to suffer: smile at smart,
And death defy.

Fear not to feel that hand correcting thee,

Which set thee free.

Stripes, as the tokens of his love, he leaves,
Who scourgeth ev'ry son whom he receives.

5.

There's foolishness bound up within thee fast:

But yet the rod Of fatherly correction at the last,

If blest by God, Will drive it far away, and wisdom give,

That thou may'st live, Not to thyself, but Him that first was slain, And died for thee, and then rose again. 6.

Thou art not only dull, and slow of pace, But stubborn too,

And refractory; ready to outface, Rather than do

Thy duty: though thou know'st it must be so,
Thou wilt not go

The way thou should'st, till some affliction
First set thee right, then prick and spur thee on.

7.

Top-like thy figure and condition is, Neither to stand,

Nor stir thyself alone, whilst thou dost miss An helping hand

To set thee up, and store of stripes bestow
To make thee go.

Beg, then, thy blessed Saviour to transfer His scourges unto thee, to make thee stir-



#### The HEDGING of the Heart.

Hosea ii. 6.

I will hedge up thy way with thorns. .

Epig. 45.

HE, that of thorns, would gather roses, may
In his own heart, if handled the right way.
Hearts hedge'd with Christ's crown of thorns, instead
Of thorny cares, will sweetest roses breed.

#### ODE XLV.

1.

A crown of thorns! I thought so: ten to one,
A crown without a thorn, there's none:
There's none on earth, I mean; what, shall I, then,
Rejoice to see him crown'd by men,
By whom kings rule and reign? Or shall I scorn
And hate to see earth's curse, a thorn,
Prepost'rously preferr'd to crown those brows,
From whence all bliss and glory flows?
Or shall I both be clad,
And also sad,
To think it is a crown, and yet so bad?

2.

There's cause enough of both, I must confess:
Yet, what's that unto me, unless
I take a course his crown of thorns may be
Made mine, transterr'd from him to me?



#### SEPIMENTUM CORDIS CORONA SPINEA.

Ne careat hua spuna Rosis; Cor concolor armet, Horto arect stygias Seps Diadema Feras.

The HEDGING of the HEART with a CROWN of THORNS.

This Therney Diadem & Heart, behold;

Thus Hedgid, no Swage can improach the Fold.



141

Crowns, had they been of stars, could add no more Glory, where there was all before;

And thorns might scratch him, could not make him
Than he was made, sin and a curse. [worse,
Come then, mine heart, take down

Thy Saviour's crown

Of thorns, and see if thou canst mak't thine own.

3.

Remember, first, thy Saviour's head was crown'd

By the same hands that did him wound:

They meant it not to honour, but to scorn him,

When in such sort they had betorn\* him.

Think earthly honours such, if they redound:

Never believe they mind to dignify

Thee, that thy Christ would crucify.

Think ev'ry crown a thorn,

Unless t' adorn
Thy Christ, as well as him by whom 'tis worn.

4.

Consider, then, that as the thorny crown
Circled thy Saviour's head, thine own
Continual care to please him, and provide
For the advantage of his side,
Must fence thine actions and affections so,
That they shall neither dare to go
Out of that compass, nor vouchsafe access
To what might make that care go less.
Let no such thing draw nigh,
Which shall not spy
Thorns ready plac'd to prick it till it die.

<sup>\*</sup> Betorn; i. e bemangled, torn in pieces.

### 142 THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

5.

Thus, compass'd with thy Saviour's thorny crown,
Thou may'st securely sit thee down,
And hope that he, who made of water wine.

Will turn each thorn unto a vine,

Where thou may'st gather grapes, and, to delight thee,
Roses: nor need the prickles fright thee.

Thy Saviour's sacred temples took away
The curse that in their sharpness lay.
So thou may'st crowned be,
As well as he,
And, at the last, light in his light shalt see.





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#### COMPUNCTIO CORDIS CLAVO TIMORIS DEI

Hoc mihi Cor sancti Clave transfige Tumoris, Pro Me, Qui Clavis in Cruce fixus eras.

The HEART PIERCED with the NAIL of GOD'S FEAR. With Holy Fear let my Heart fastined be, O Thou, once fast'ned to the Crofs for me.

The FASTENING of the Heart.

#### JER. XXXII. 40.

I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

#### Epig. 46.

THOU that wast naited to the cross for me, Lest I should slip, and fall away from thee, Drive home thine holy fear into mine heart, And clinch it so, that it may ne'er depart.

#### ODE XLVI.

1.

What! dost thou struggle to get loose again!
Hast thou so soon forgot the former pain,
That thy licentious bondage unto sin,
And lust-enlarged thraldom, put thee in?
Hast thou a mind again to rove, and ramble
Rogue-like, a vagrant through the world, and scramble
For scraps and crusts of earth-bred base delights,
And change thy days of joy for tedious nights
Of sad repentant sorrow!

What! wilt thou borrow
That grief to day, which thou must pay to-morrow?

0

No, self-deceiving heart, lest thou should'st cast Thy cords away, and burst the bands at last Of thy Redeemer's tender love, I'll try What further fastness in his fear doth lie. The cords of love soaked in lust may rot, And bands of bounty are too oft forgot: But holy filial fear, like to a nail Fasten'd in a sure place, will never fail.

This driven home, will take
Fast hold and make
Thee that thou darest not thy God forsake.

3.

Remember how, besides thy Saviour's bands,
Wherewith they led him bound, his holy hands
And feet were pierced, how they nail'd him fast
Unto his bitter cross, and how at last
His precious side was gored with a spear:
So hard sharp-pointed ir'n and steel did tear
His tender flesh, that from those wounds might flow
The sov'reign salve for sin-procured woe.

Then, that thou may'st not fail Of that avail,

Refuse not to be fasten'd with his nail.

4.

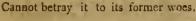
Love in a heart of flesh is apt to taint,
Or be fly-blown with folly: and its faint,
And feeble spirits, when it shews most fair,
Are often fed on by the empty air
Of popular applause, unless the salt
Of holy fear in time prevent the fault:
But, season'd so, it will be kept for ever.
He that doth fear, because he loves, will never
Adventure to offend,

But always bend

His best endeavours to content his friend.

Though perfect love cast out all servile fear, Because such fear hath torment: yet thy dear Redeemer meant not so to set thee free, That filial fear and thou should strangers be. Though, as a son, thou honor him thy Father, Yet, as a Master, thou may'st fear him rather. Fear's the soul's centinel, and keeps the heart, Wherein love lodges, so, that all the art

And industry of those,
That are its foes,





The NEW WINE of the Heart.

PSALM civ. 115.

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

Epig. 47.

CHRIST the true vine, grape, cluster, on the cross Trod the wine-press alone, unto the loss Of blood and life. Draw thankful heart, and spare not: Here's wine enough for all, save those that care not.

#### ODE XLVII.

1.

Leave not thy Saviour now, whate'er thou dost,
Doubtful, distrustful heart;
Thy former pains and labours all are lost,
If now thou shalt depart,
And faithlessly fall off at last from him,
Who, to redeem thee, spar'd nor life nor limb.

2

Shall he, that is thy cluster and thy vine,

Tread the wine-press alone,

Whilst thou stand'st looking on? Shall both the wine

And work be all his own?

See how he bends, crusht with the straiten'd scrue Of that fierce wrath that to thy sins was due.

S.

Although thou canst not help to bear it, yet
Thrust thyself under too,
That thou may'st feel some of the weight, and get,
Although not strength to do,



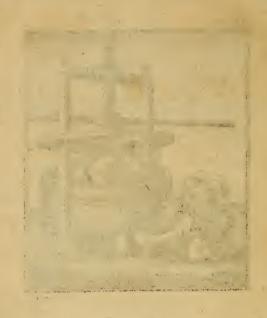
#### MUSTUM CORDIS E TORCULARI CRUCIS

En Cypri premitur botrus: Cor exipe grata, De Torculari quæ Cruce Vina fluunt.

The NEW WINE of the HEART out of the PRESS of the CROSS.

Behold, the Cyprian Clusters now are prest,

Accept the Wine, it flows to make Thee blest.



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Yet will to suffer something as he doth, That the same stress at once may squeeze you both.

4.

Thy Saviour being prest to death, there ran
Out of his sacred wounds
That wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And all his foes confounds,
Yea, the full-flowing fountain's open still
For all grace-thirsting hearts to drink their fill:

5.

And not to drink alone, to satiate

Their longing appetites,
Or drown those cumbrous cares that would abate

The edge of their delights;
But, when they toil, and soil themselves with sin,
Both to refresh, to purge, to cleanse them in.

6

Thy Saviour hath begun this cup to thee,
And thou must not refuse 't.

Press then thy sin-swoln sides, until they be
Empty, and fit to use 't.
Do not delay to come, when he doth call;
Nor fear to want, where there's enough for all.

7

Thy bounteous Redeemer, in his blood,
Fills thee not wine alone,
But likewise gives his flesh to be thy food,
Which thou may'st make thine own,
And feed on Him who hath himself revealed
The bread of life, by God the Father sealed.

Nay, he's not food alone, but physic too, Whenever thou art sick; And in thy weakness strength, that thou may'st do Thy duty and not stick
At any thing that he requires of thee,

How hard soever it may seem to be.

Make all the haste, then, that thou canst to come, Before the day be past; And think not of returning to thy home. Whilst yet the light dost last. The longer and the more thou draw'st this wine,

Or if thy Saviour think it meet to throw Thee in the press again, To suffer as he did; yet do not grow Displeased at thy pain: A summer season follows winter weather; Suff'ring, you shall be glorify'd together.

Still thou shalt find it more and more divine.

#### Revel. xxii. 17.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth, say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosever will, let him take the water of life freely.

## [ 149 ]

# THE CONCLUSION.

Is this my period? Have I now no more of the little To do hereafter? Shall my mind give o'er Its best employment thus, and idle be, Or busy'd otherwise? Should I not see and X and the A How to improve my thoughts more thriftily, Before I lay these Heart-School lectures by ? Self-knowledge is an everlasting task, An endless work, that doth not only ask the restrict A whole man for the time, but challengeth and I's an I To take up all his hours until death.

Yet, as in other schools, they have a care

To call for repetitions, and are What they have learn'd already, as to gain odd of Further degrees of knowledge, and lay by Invention, whilst they practise memory?

So must I likewise take some time to view (1914, 2014) What I have done, ere I proceed anew. I amay as held W Perhaps I may have cause to interline,
To alter, or to add: the work is mine,
And I may manage it as I see best, " but union I don't With my great Master's leave. Then here I rest From taking out new lessons, till I see How I retain the old in memory. And if it be his pleasure, I shall say These lessons before others, that they may Or learn them too, or only censure me; I'll wait with patience the success to see. And though I look not to have leave to play (For that this school allows not), yet I may Another time, perhaps, if they approve Of these, such as they are, and shew their love To the School of the Heart, by calling for't, Add other lessons more of the like sort.

The

## [ 150 ]

## THE LEARNING OF THE HEART.

# MOTHE PREFACE

I AM a scholar. The great Lord of love And life, my tutor is; who, from above, All that lack learning, to his school invites. My heart's my pray'r-book, in which he writes Systems of all the arts and faculties: First reads to me, then makes me exercise, But all in paradoxes, such high strains 1 1 1 1 A As flow from none but love-inspired, brains: Yet bids me publish them abroad, and dare T' extoll his arts above all other arts that are. Why should I not? methinks it cannot be But they should please others as well as me. Come, then, join hands, and let our hearts embrace, Whilst thus Love's labyrinth of arts we trace; I had W I mean the Sciences call'd Liberal Both Trivium and Quadrivium; sev'n in all, and I had With the higher faculties, Philosophy,

And Law, and Physic, and Theology.

The GRAMMAR of the Heart.

Psalm xv. 2.

That speaketh the truth in his heart.

MY Grammar, I define to be an art Which teacheth me to write and speak mine heart; By which I learn, that smooth tongu'd flatt'ries are False language, and, in love, irregular. Amongst my letters, Vow-wells, I admit Of none but Consonant to Sacred Writ: And therefore when my soul in silence moans, Half-vowel'd sighs and double deep-thong'd groans, Mute \* looks, and Liquid tears instead of words, Are of the language that mine heart affords. And, since true love abhors all variations, My Grammar hath no moods nor conjugations, Tenses, nor persons, nor declensions, Cases, nor genders, nor comparisons: Whate'er my Letters are, my Word's but one, And, on the meaning of it, Love alone. Concord is all my Syntax, and agreement Is in my grammar perfect regiment.

He wants no language that hath learn'd to love: When tongues are still, hearts will be heard above.

<sup>\*</sup> Mutes, liquids, diphthongs; names of letters in the alphabet.

The RHETORIC of the Heart.

Psalm xlv. 1.

My heart is inditing a good matter.

MY Rhetoric is not so much an art, As an infused habit in mine heart, Which a sweet secret elegance instills, And all my speech with tropes and figures fills. Love is the tongue's elixir, which doth change The ordinary sense of words, and range Them under other kinds; dispose them so, That to the height of eloquence they grow, Ev'n in their native plainness, and must be So understood as liketh love and me. When I say Christ, I mean my Saviour; When his commandment, my behaviour: For to that end it was he hither came, And to this purpose 'tis I bear his name. When I say, Hallow'd be thy name, he knows I would be holy: for his glory grows Together with my good, and he hath not Given more honour than himself hath got. So when I say, Lord, let thy kingdom come, He understands it, I would be at home, To reign with him in glory. So grace brings My Love, in me, to be the King of kings \*. He teacheth me to say, Thy will be done, But meaneth, he would have me do mine own, By making me to will the same he doth, And so to rule myself, and serve him both. So when he saith, My son, give me thine heart, I know his meaning is, that I should part With all I have for him, give him myself, And to be rich in him from worldly pelf.

<sup>\*</sup> That is, to be his love, or solely to him.

So when he says, Come to me, I know that he Means I should wait his coming unto me; Since 'tis his coming unto me that makes Me come to him: my part he undertakes. And when he says, Behold I come, I know His purpose and intent is, I should go, With all the speed I can, to meet him whence His coming is attractive, draws me hence. Thick-folded repetitions in love Are no tautologies, but strongly move And bind unto attention. Exclamations Are the heart's heav'n-piercing exaltations. Epiphonæma's and Apostrophe's Love likes of well, but no Prosopope's. Not doubtful but careful deliberations, Love holds as grounds of strongest resolutions. Thus love and I a thousand ways can find To speak and understand each other's mind; And descant upon that which unto others Is but plain song, and all their music smothers. Nay, that which worldly wit-worms call nonsense, Is many times love's purest eloquence,

The Logic of the Heart.

1 Pet. iii. 15.

Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you.

MY Logic is the faculty of faith. Where all things are resolv'd into, HE SAITH; And ergo's, drawn from trust and confidence, Twist and tie truths with stronger consequence Than either sense or reason: for the heart, And not the head, is fountain of this art. And what the heart objects, none can resolve But God himself, till death the frame dissolve. Nay, faith can after death dispute with dust, And argue ashes into stronger trust, And better hopes, than brass and marble can Be emblems of unto the outward man. All my invention is, to find what terms My Lord and I stand in: how he confirms His promises to me, how I inherit What he hath purchas'd for me by his merit. My judgment is submission to his will, And, when he once hath spoken, to be still. My method's, to be ordered by him; What he disposeth, that I think most trim. Love's arguments are all, I will, Thou MUST; What He says and commands, are true and just.

When to dispute and argue's out of season, Then to believe and to obey is reason.

# TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

# LATIN MOTTO's

IN

# The SCHOOL of the HEART.

ODB

The Infection of the Heart.

WHILE Satan deceives thee with flattering baits, thy heart drinks in the deadly poison of disease and of death.

II. The Taking away of the Heart.

Lust pleases, and drunkenness pleases, and so the foolish mind grows stupid and dead; thus the heart is without heart.

III. The Darkness of the Heart.

Oh the darkness of the heart! to which outer darkness will succeed, unless my light be a light unto you.

IV. The Alsence of the Heart.

How far, Oh fugitive! would thy heart flee? If thou canst be said to have an heart, who art neither mindful of me, nor of thy self.

V. The

ODE

V: The Vanity of the Heart.

The bellows of ambition blow up the vain heart with the wind of honors, whence it breathes nothing but a great nothing.

VI. The Oppression of the Heart.

Gluttony and drunkenness, two weights of solid lead, prevent our heaven-born hearts from mounting upwards.

VII. The Covetousness of the Heart.

Dost thou inquire where thy heart is, heartless wanderer? It is here, truly; even where that is which is dearer to thee than thy heart itself.

VIII. The Opening of the Heart with the Spear.

The blessed spear, dyed red with the blood of Jesus, pierces my heart with the wound of divine love.

IX. The Division of the Heart.

When I have given thee my whole self, vain virgin, why is so small a share of thy heart given to me?

X. The Insatiability of the Heart.

Thy heart, which is a triangle, is not to be filled with the whole world: the Trinity, who made the heart, alone can satisfy it.

ODE XI.

·The Returning of the Heart.

Since now you have so often been exhorted by me to return to your own heart; consider, your unwillingness to return, is but a willingness to perish.

XII. The Pouring out of the Heart.

Why dost thou conceal thy vows and thy wounds in thy closed breast? Let thy heart be spread out before God, as waters which are poured forth.

XIII. The Circumcision of the Heart.

The cross supplies the handle; the spear, the edge: and the nails, the iron, that compose this knife: with it circumcise thy heart, and consecrate it to God.

XIV. The Contrition of the Heart.

Into many thousand pieces would I break this heart, which hath wilfully rebelled against its Creator.

XV. The Humiliation of the Heart.

Alas! the heart, delighting itself in lofty things, exalts itself too much, unless a weight be placed upon it, to keep it down.

XVI. The Softening of the Heart.

My Heart, which is like icy marble, will melt like wax, when the fire of thy love (O God) begins to burn.

ODE XVII.

The Cleansing of the Heart.

A fountain flows from the wound in thy Husband's pierced side: in this, O spouse, wash away the defilements of thy heart.

XVIII. The Mirror of the Heart.

For a discovery of the heart, sweet Jesus, look upon my heart; and let this sight imprint living wounds on thine.

XIX. The Sacrifice of the Heart.

The sacrifice of a slain calf or bullock does not please God; that love, which gave me a heart, requires this heart for himself.

XX. The Weighing of the Heart.

What thou gavest me as a great gift, is not so, unless an equal balance proves it to be of a proper weight.

XXI. The Defence of the Heart.

Oh my Light! defend my heart with the shield of thy great sufferings, which your love for our hearts constrained you to bear.

XXII. The Trying of the Heart.

I alone can search the immense abyss of the heart, which the mariner's plumb-line is unable to fathom.

XXIII. The Levelling of the Heart.

If you would have your heart upright, my daughter, bring it frequently for trial to the true level of mine.

XXIV.

Ode XXIV.

The Renewing of the Heart.

Since all new things please, lay down thy old heart, O spouse, and take the new one which I place in its stead.

XXV. The Enlightening of the Heart.

O God, thou light of light, thou only light of a blind world, dispel, by thy light, the thick darkness that obscures my heart.

XXVI. The Law-Table of the Heart.

I now write a new law on the smooth, soft table of thy heart; whereas the old one, which was wrote on hard tables of stone, is for me (i. e.) to fulfil.

XXVII. The Tilling of the Heart.

Come then, O spouse, let the plough of thy cross break up the field of my heart, that into it thou mayest scatter the seeds of thy word.

XXVIII. The Seeding of the Heart.

O divine Husbandman, commit thou the seed to the earth, lest the field of our hearts prove unfruitful to thee.

XXIX. The Watering of the Heart.

Closed towards the earth; open towards heaven; let thy dew descend; that so the soil of my heart may flourish, and produce a variety of flowers.

XXX. The Flowers of the Heart.

These lilies, O Spouse, which sprang from the seed thou sowedst, I consecrate to thee; to which also I add the soil in which they grew.

ODE XXXI. The Keeping of the Heart.

How well does that watchman keep the inclosed garden of his heart, whom the fear of God arms with a glittering sword!

XXXII. The Watching of the Heart.

Whilst sleep possesses my limbs, my watchful heart searches after thee; nor can I bear to be without thee, by night or by day.

XXXIII. The Wounding of the Heart.

O my Light, pierce through this heart with a thousand of thy most potent shafts; for the wounds given by thy right hand are medicines.

XXXIV. The Inhabiting of the Heart.

O my Light! may thy Spirit dwell in the temple of mine heart, that, loving thee with thine own love, O Spouse, thou may'st return it again to me.

XXXV. The Enlarging of the Heart.

How pleasant a thing it is to love that which heretofore the heart accounted bitter; even to run in a narrow way with an enlarged heart!

XXXVI. The Inflaming of the Heart.

Proceed, my Love, and inflame the inmost recesses of my heart, that, like a salamander, it may dwell in its native burning pile!

XXXVII. The Ladder of the Heart.

Would you, my beloved, ascend by a ladder to the heavenly seats? here first construct the steps in your own heart.

XXXVIII. The

ODE XXXVIII.

The Flying of the Heart.

Who will give me the two wings of a dove, by which my heart, which is tired of the earth, may fly to heaven?

XXXIX. The Union of the Heart.

Live ye united minds and agreeing hearts, to whom one love gives but one will.

XL. The Rest of the Heart.

My restless heart cannot dwell at ease in any (earthly) situation; for God alone is its centre, and only resting-place.

XLI. The Bathing of the Heart with the bloody Sweat.

The bath, which was filled with the bloody sweat of thy bleeding Spouse: come hither, sick heart, here is for you, what was appointed in paradise.

"This is very obscure; but his meaning seems to be, "that as it was apparently appointed in Paradise "for man to live by the sweat of his brow, "so by this bloody sweat the soul shall live."

XLII. The Binding of the Heart with the Cords of Christ ('s Love).

My crimes, I confess, have bound thee with a cruel cord: may that sweeter cord of love bind my heart to thee.

XLIII. Christ's Pillar, the Prop of the Heart.

My weak heart requires nor flowers nor apples to support it: this pillar of thine, O my Christ, is support enough.

ODE

XLIV. The Heart is the Cup to a thirsting Christ.

Refuse the cup of gall, which the Jewish people offered: but drink, O Spouse, the new wine of a wounded heart.

XLV. The Hedging of the Heart with a Crown of Thorns.

That your thorns may not want roses, let your Heart furnish itself with that colour: this thorny diadem will keep all infernal wild beasts out of the garden.

XLVI. The Heart pierced with the Nails of God's fear.

Pierce through this heart of mine, with the nail of holy fear, O thou who was nailed to the Cross for me.

XLVII. The New Wine of the Heart out of the Press of the Cross.

Behold the Cyprian cluster of grapes is prest; accept, O heart, the rich-flavoured wine which flows from the wine-press of the cross.









